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THE WIZARD CLIP.

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SMITHFIELD; OR, MIDDLEWAY.

From a sketch by James R. Taylor.

Finotti . Joseph M.D

THE MYSTERY

OF THE

WIZARD CLIP

(SMITHFIELD, W. VA.)

A MONOGRAPH.

COLLIGE NE PEREANT.

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1879

BALTIMORE:
KELLY, PIET AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
[JOHN B. PIET]
No. 174 West Baltimore Street.
1879.

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Sanctus Orientius—ne illum popularis inflaret aura, secreta petit, ad Bigorram Vasconiae regionem, ... spiritu Dei

SUB SPECIE VISIBILIS MANUS

eum dirigente, ubi in deserto montis latere oratorium construxit.

Saint Oriens—*not to be puffed up by popular favor, went in quest of a secluded spot, towards La Bigorre, a region of the Gascons, being led by the* Spirit of God, *under the appearance of* A HAND, and there in the wild crag of a mountain he built himself a chapel.

(*Martyrol. Rom. Bar. emendatum in Surii* vitis *SS. ed Taur. Marietti Maii I.*)

The Mystery of Cliptown, West Virginia.

No Preface seems needed to a compilation of documents which are laid before the people without a determined intent to force a conclusion upon the mind of the reader.

My aim has been, simply, to gather information about events which occurred more than three-quarters of a century ago—*ne pereant* from the memory of the third and following generations.

I give no explicit opinion on the subject, albeit the individual sentiments of the writer may easily be inferred.

Should any of my readers be in possession of facts, records, cuttings from old papers, old traditions, reminiscences, etc., that may add to, improve, or correct these statements, the publishers will receive them thankfully, and duly acknowledge them.

Indeed, it is the opinion of one, *facile princeps* among our Catholic historians, that there was certainly a "Wizard Clip pamphlet," yet *bona pace dixerim*, I fear he is misled by the existence of the Georgetown account, which we place *in capite*. But he was not mistaken

when he suggested that there must have been accounts of the manifestations in contemporaneous papers, and especially in those of a religious character—non-Catholic, of course, for we had no literature conducted by Catholics then, Matthew Carey having suspended his *Museum*, and Robert Walsh not yet started his *Review*.

And now, dear reader, be indulgent to

GLEANER

To John Gilmary Shea, LL. D.

My dear Sir,

Allow me to inscribe these pages to you.

I wish so to do, as an expression of my esteem, an acknowledgment of my gratitude, and a token of my affection.

I owe you much. Your letters of encouragement in my pursuits, of information in my queries, and teeming with expressions of friendship noble and true, are the most honored and cherished treasures among my private records.

Even in this work, insignificant as its performance may appear, you have given me considerable assistance. Had I adopted your suggestions whilst I was enjoying yours and your dear family's true *home-greeting* and hospitality, I would have rendered it more complete. You suggested searching the periodicals contemporaneous with the manifestations of Middleway. With the single exception of my addressing, through a friend, the man "who had a library" in that neighborhood, who however had never heard of the "Clip," I have not acted on that suggestion. For this I may be forgiven on the

plea, that since that time, I have scarcely had a *lasting city*, the libraries in that neighborhood fell a prey to the internecine war and bloody strife that desolated W. Virginia, and lastly I knew not to whom to turn as being able to give me satisfactory answers. The only literary correspondent I had, a friend of the lamented B. U. Campbell, had been gathered to his fathers.

However, let us hope that new documents will now be unearthed.—My energetic and discriminating publishers will take pains to disseminate the monograph over the land *where the Voice spake*. It is not presumable that appreciative minds and vigorous hands would take up the book, and with a knowledge of how earnestly the writer courts information, would yet allow the request to fall unheeded, and refuse the aid it might be in their power to give. This negligence would be at great variance with the uniform courtesy with which persons of all conditions have always answered my queries—an uninterrupted experience of well nigh a quarter of a century.

Yet, methinks I hear thee say:—"Why not wait, then?"

"Why? for many reasons."

But to give one for all—until when, lately, at the simple mention of my wish to see this bantling of mine strut before my eyes ere Death closed them, the publishers, well knowing the situation, agreed in favorable

and kindly terms to usher the poor thing upon the great and noisy American arena,—all my previous and *many* efforts to obtain the light of the press had failed. Surely I shall not let this opportunity pass; and confident that another edition, or some "Appendix" will be called for, let the book go forward under the prestige of thy name, my dear and highly esteemed friend!

I am sure that when people will know or will hear the remark made that a queer little book telling of spirits and goblins, in which Catholics and Catholic priests take a prominent part, has been published by a friend of John Gilmary Shea and under the prestige of his name, *sub tanti nominis umbra*, they will feel at once kindly disposed to it. Hence, I say

I, puer, atque meo citius hæc subscribe libello.

Thus, wishing you every happiness, and the choicest benedictions of heaven on your estimable and dear family, whose remembrance awakens in my soul home feelings, I remain as of old,

TIBI CALAMO ET STYLO NOTUS.*

——May 1st, 1878.

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* The author, REV. JOSEPH M. FINOTTI, died at Central City, Colorado, January 11, 1879. See notices of him in the close of the book.

A.

LIVINGSTON'S CONVERSION.

HISTORY OF ADAM LIVINGSTON—MIDDLE WAY—SINCE CALLED "CLIP"—JEFFERSON COUNTY—VIRGINIA. (1)

HE was born in Pennsylvania, of dutch descent and a Lutheran by profession. He removed from Pennsylvania in or about the year 1770, having in family 3 Sons and 4 Daughters. A short time after his settling in Virginia, he was much disturbed by an unknown person

1) The following is a faithful Transcript *verbatim punctuatim literatim* from the original copy, a well-tumbled old MS., 12mo., preserved in the library of my dear *Alma Mater*, Georgetown College, on the Potomac. It was kindly sent to me by the lamented *Dulcissimus Pater*, John Early, S. J., then President of that Institution, during the War of the Confederacy. In those days, being the victim of a long convalescence, I beguiled the weary hours of confinement to an invalid's chair by collecting what forms the subject of these Reminiscences. Father Early acceded to my request through the kind offices of a very dear friend, the Rev. J. S. Sumner, Librarian and Historiographer of the College. This much to prove the authenticity of the Document.

that haunted his house—His property was destroyed, his barn was burnt, his cattle all died, his clothes were cut all to pieces, his beds burnt or cut: chumps of fire were thrust into the beds—The plates and all the crockery ware were thrown upon the floor: and what was astonishing, every thing that was cut, was cut in such a manner that they could not get even a small patch that could be of any service (the things being cut in form of a half moon) boots, saddles, &c. were cut in pieces. Three men came from Winchester in order to free the house from what troubled it, if it were the Devil himself; but as soon as they entered the house, a large stone was seen to proceed from the fire place and whirl around upon the floor upward of 15 minutes without any stone being missed; upon which the Gentlemen instantly sneaked away. He applied to 3 conjurers who gave some herbs and a book, and a riddle to catch the Devil; but the first night the book and herbs were put into the chamber-pot and covered with the riddle. The book was a Church of England prayer book. After some time he had a dream in which he thought he climed a high hill but with much difficulty, at the top of which was a beautiful church and in it a Catholic Priest dressed in Sacerdotal robes, and some one told him, this is the man who will relieve you. After this (his troubles still continuing) his wife per-

suaded him to send for a Catholic Priest, which he did, but the Priest appeared unwilling to come: However, after much persuasion, he went, blessed some water, and sprinkled it about the house; after which the noise and trouble ceased. Some time after, being at Shepherd's town at a Catholic Church [1], and seeing the Priest, he burst into tears and said, this is the man whom I saw in my dream and who was to relieve me.

He was then converted to the Catholic faith, and after he had heard Mass 2 or 3 times he saw a light and heard a Voice frequently, which instructed him in the Sacraments of penance and Holy Eucharist. The Voice ordered him and his family to keep a 40 days fast and 3 hours prayer every day, and 3 of

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1) No Catholic Church in Shepherdstown then, nor is there mention of any in the latest Catholic Directories. In 1849 or '50 I baptized a young lady from that place, and I well remember there was no Catholic Church there then. The words "at a Catholic Church" mean "at a meeting of Catholics assembled in some private house, where the priest *gave church*, the usual expression in those latitudes, to announce the coming of a priest to hear Confessions, to offer the Holy Sacrifice, administer Communion, baptize, marry, &c., at any place, the most often in private houses, and by appointment."

With these remarks in his mind the reader will know how to take the item given by Dr. Clarke in his *Lives of Deceased Prelates*, vol. I., p. 269.

these they were not to eat or drink any thing, which was rigorously observed by all. The Voice also commanded them to keep the 4th of March annually as a holy day of obligation in thanksgiving for their conversion, which was always observed. The voice frequently said the beads with them, and when it came to the latter part of the hail Mary, it said (on account of the wife, as is supposed, who was a little stubborn as she was a Presbyterian) Holy, Holy, Holy Mary Mother of God, &c. and would explain what a blessing it was to have the B. Mother of God for our Advocate. The voice likewise instructed them in every part of the Catholic religion, and that thoroughly as appeared by their conversation. It is also certain that no human person instructed them and they had no books in the house and had besides very little education in the english tongue. The voice told them that all the sighs and tears of the whole World put together were not worth so much as one Mass in which a pure God was offered up to God. 14 persons were converted in one winter on this occasion and several children baptized who in all probability never would have been, had not this taken place; among the rest a certain Mrs. McGinny [1],

1) From the different testimonies which we quote, the reader will agree with us in the belief that this Mrs. McGinny is none else but the wife of Mr. Minghini, of whom more anon.

which was thus:—After being sick some time, she sent for a Presbyterian Minister but received no comfort from him; on the contrary, she remained more confused than ever, after which she was visited by Mrs. McSherry who desired her to pray and repeated together with her an act of contrition which made some impression upon her. The night Mrs. McSherry returned home, she began to think whether she ought or could assist her by her prayers, she composed herself to sleep, & in her sleep she thought she saw an infant strike a large rock about the size of a house and grind it into dust. The next day, Livingston (being admonished the preceding night by the Voice) without knowing anything of the dream, sent his daughter to Mrs. McSherry with the interpretation of the Dream, and told her that the Infant represented the Priest and the rock the sins of the woman which would be forgiven her. The voice likewise admonished him to advise Mrs. McSherry to go to Mr. McGinny and persuade him to send for a Priest, that he would have many objections, but that she should still press him to send for a Priest; at length he would say he had no person to send: then she was to tell him that the son of Livingston would go—all which took place as was foretold—The Priest was sent for, came and

administered the Sacraments to the woman. Mrs. McSherry had interior troubles and never communicated them to any one. The voice spoke to Livingston and told him to tell her she must suffer it with patience, for Almighty God had placed her where she was. The Voice frequently engaged them to pray for the suffering souls, who when delivered would intercede for them at the throne of God, and among the rest to say 5 Paters and Aves and the Credo for Mrs. McGinny who was in purgatory, which the Voice repeated together with them. One of the Daughters being converted, made her confession and left out some sin through shame—the voice then told the whole family that she had left out some sin, and told her what it was and advised her to confess it. The voice frequently advised them to pray for perseverance, and that there was but one Church out of which there was no salvation. Livingston, before his conversion, bore his losses very impatiently, but after his conversion, he never complained. The voice would come frequently in the night and make them pray for 3 hours at a time, and would never permit them to rise until it would say *Deo gratias.* It came once & besought them to pray for the poor souls, and in order to show him how much they suffered, it laid it's hand upon a waist-

coat & towel, and the palm of it's hand burnt clear thro' as did the fingers, as could be seen by the stripes of cloth which were left between them. The Voice recommended to them hospitality, cautioned them against the vanities of the world, & never to follow worldly fashions. An Angel came in human shape and staid with them 3 days and nights, and instructed them in all points of Religion. They asked whence he came? He said, from my father—Whither do you go? to my father—and I come to teach you the way to my father. He had a long beard, and they asked him to shave—he replied yes; it is not displeasing to Almighty God to be cleanly—He was likewise bare-footed, & being asked if he were not cold, he answered, there is neither heat nor cold in my country—but received a pair of shoes that were given him. The voice told them to persevere, & if they could not see the person who spoke to them, still they should obey the visible voice which was the Priest. Mrs. McSherry had a brother at Geo. Town College whom his parents sent thither in expectation that he would become a Priest—The voice told Livingston that Mrs. McSherry's Brother (whom he had never seen) instead of being a Priest, would become a Blasphemer, but that Mrs. McSherry and his other Sisters & Brothers should beg him to reflect and

believe. That he, the Brother, doubted the real presence, and the voice said that Mrs. McSherry and her Sisters should fall upon their knees and tell him that Almighty God was as able to give us himself as he is to give us a cup of cold water. The voice also spoke to a Mr. Goreman 3 times in one week—It told Livingston that every prayer he said for the suffering souls was as a fresh plaster upon a bad wound. During the time that the voice remained at Livingston's, a woman, the wife of a Catholic took sick at Winchester and sent for a Priest (the Priest before this, had frequently spoken to her, but she remained obstinate.) The messenger came to Mrs. McSherry's where the Priest was—They immediately went to get the Priest's horse, but could not find him, tho' he was in an Enclosure containing about an Acre. After some time they prepared another horse for him; and immediately they saw the Priest's horse in the small Enclosure. He went but the woman was dead before he arrived. About 30 persons were present when they sought for the horse. The voice afterwards said, that Almighty God permitted this as a warning to the living not to depend upon a deathbed repentance—The Voice said the Brother of Mrs. McSherry would never succeed well, which was verified as he died in great poverty. Every thing that

the Voice predicted, happened accordingly. It foretold that the wife of Goreman died in Ireland, but on account of the troubles she suffered in this world, went directly to Heaven. A Mr. Failin a Priest [1], said he wrote to Ireland concerning this fact, and said that she was not dead—but the Voice before he received his letter admonished Livingston not to stagger in his faith,—that the letter was forged.

The Voice came to Livingston in the night and made him pray 3 hours for Father Pellins [2] whom he had promised to pray for whilst at his confession —but after the death of Father Pellins, Livingston neglected to pray for him—The Voice said that he was in great misery. The voice spoke to Mrs. McSherry, which happened thus. One day when all the family was at Church, she remained at home with the child that was sick—After the family had been gone for some time, she went up stairs to say some prayers, and whilst she was praying she saw a

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1) Most probably Rev. Mr. Phelan.

2) Rev. James Pellentz, S. J. (?) V. Campbell's Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll, in *U. S. Catholic Magazine*, Baltimore; also De Courcy & Shea's *Catholic Church in the U. S.*, p. 214. Fr. P. in 1791 filled the post of Vicar General to Bishop Carroll. He was born Jan. 19, 1727, in Germany: died at Conewago, Feb. 13, 1800.

beautiful person standing before her in a light cloud with one hand up and the other down, and a nail running thro' each hand, who said to her, whatsoever you do for one of my little ones, you do it for me. Some time after the Priest came to her house, but she said nothing to him of what she had seen. He then went to Livingston's and they told him what Mrs. McSherry had seen, tho' she had never told any one.

Livingston saw sometimes an arm, but never could catch it, tho' he tried. Whenever it came it always said, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost and made them make the sign of the cross. They frequently prayed 3 hours which did not appear more than a few moments. When it said, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, it would say 3 great names, none greater on earth, none greater in Heaven. The voice told him that it was once in flesh as he was, & if he persevered he would know who it was before his death. It sung 3 times, and very beautifully in Latin and English. It said the souls in purgatory were much rejoiced on the day of all souls, on which, it said, the whole world was praying for them—It was on this day that he heard the voice singing twice, & the third time was the fourth of March the end of the 40 days fast.

The wife of Livingston was never sincerely converted—She used to say she was the Judas—She endeavoured to falsify everything the voice said, tho' she heard it more frequently than the rest—It told her that she should die in her own house, and in order to falsify it when she took sick, she at first would not go home (for she had been so much reprimanded by the voice, that she left her house some time before she took sick;) but at last was forced to beg to be taken home, and thus fulfilled the prediction, by dying in her own house. While Mrs. Livingston was from her own house, she lived at the house of a Quaker who had a Daughter that was sick, and during her sickness she told Mrs. Livingston that she wanted some spiritual assistance, but did not know what it was. Mrs. Livingston knew very well what it was, for the voice had told her it was baptism, but the parents of the girl, being opposed to it, she died without Baptism—The voice then told Mrs. Livingston that this would appear against her in the day of Judgment.—Two shirts (on different days) whilst all the family was out of the house, were spread upon the bed, and upon the breast I. H. S. marked in a deep red colour. The voice continued to speak about 17 years. Mr. McSherry having had some little difference with the Priest, did

not go to communion for 3 years, at the latter end of which, he took sick, and was at the point of death. The voice then told Livingston to tell Mr. McSherry to touch Christ thro' the Church, and he should be restored to his family; which happened accordingly; for having received H. Communion, the next day he was able to walk about, and in a few days perfectly recovered. When Mrs. M'Ginny was sick, the voice said the Messenger would meet both the Priests Mr. Cahal and Mr. Smith, but that Mr. Smith was the one intended for the woman, as being of a milder nature.

AUTHORITIES.

Doctor Carroll [was] very much surprised at the knowledge of the man, and thought he received his instructions from above.

Rev. Mr. Smith also of the same opinion.

Rev. Mr. Brosius likewise thought that it was something curious and deserved notice. (1)

Rev. F. Palentz. (2)

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1) Dr. Brosius came to America with the then prince D. Gallitzin. For some items of his life and a notice of his works, V. Finotti's *Bibliographia Catholica Americana*, ad n. For a time he had charge of the Catholics in Lancaster, Pa. His name appears in the Register of Baptisms, Boston Cathedral, 1816.

(2 Pellentz, v. *supra*.

Rev. Mr. Cahal, since returned to Ireland. (1)

P. S. Livingston, as a mark of gratitude to Almighty God for his conversion, gave a lot of ground (2) for the benefit of the church. One Son and one Daughter of Livingston died in the reputation of Sanctity. FINIS.

To the same obliging Fathers of Georgetown College I owe the privilege of transferring to these pages a continuation by another hand of the Narrative just given, which, with the following, forms the first and most authentic document of the series.

It is from the pen of Brother Joseph P. Mobberly, who wrote A. D., 1825. I omit the former part of his Account, for naught is therein recorded but what we have learned above.

The Rev. Joseph Keller, lately Superior of the Company of Jesus, in the Province of Maryland,

1) Of Rev. Mr. Cahill I find no record. Oliver has not his name, nor is any mention thereof made in the Archives of the Province of Md. S. J., or in Field's *Directory* for 1817, or much less in Creagh's for 1822. Take this in connection with the NARRATIVE'S statement that the Rev. Mr. Cahill did return to Ireland, before the year 1825, and by collating the several facts & items it may not be very far from the truth to assert that he *returned* previous to 1800.

2) V. *infra*, Letter of Rev. Dr. Kain. B. viii.

has kindly furnished me the following items concerning the Life of Mobberly, drawn from the archives of the Order:

Bro. Joseph Mobberly was born in Montgomery County, Md., January 12, 1779. He received a fair amount of education, and seems to have been intended for the Priesthood; yet, he entered the Company of Jesus in the lowly grade of lay-brother, or *Brother Coadjutor*, to be employed in manual services, or, perchance, in teaching secular studies. He was admitted on December, sixth, 1809, by the Very Rev. Robert Molyneux, Superior of the Jesuits, in the United States, for many years, during the Suppression in Europe. The Jesuits, very few in number, constituted, almost to one, the Catholic clergy in the United States, at that time. It is a well-known fact that with an express sanction of the Holy See, the Jesuits never ceased to exist, as a body, even after the famous Brief of suppression. In Russia, under Catherine II, they lived in peace under the Superiorship of Very Rev. Frs. Francis X. Kareau and Gabriel Gruber. In September 1805, Fr. Thaddeus Brzozowski was elected General of the Company in Russia and The Two Sicilies, where, as in the Duchy of Parma, the Banner of St. Ignatius, says Fr. Knight, *was unfurled* by the Ven. Jos. Pig-

natelli, under whose guidance the Spanish Jesuits were led exiles into Italy, after having been so ruthlessly and mysteriously ostracised by the Bourbon Charles III (Ap. 2, 1767). Under such sanctions never revoked, the Fathers of Maryland were enabled to resume a Corporate existence & live *in common*. —From the admirable sketches on the hist'y of Georgetown College; *College Journal*, Oct. & Nov. 1877.

" Bro. M," writes Fr. Keller, " was much employed, as a teacher, in Georgetown College, he was a good writer, and was the author of several esteemed books. He took his last vows, as Coadjutor Temporal, February 2, 1821. He died in Georgetown, in the College, September 30, 1827. He had been at St. Inigoes, St. Mary's Co., Md., in charge of the farm. At G. T. College, he taught English, Latin and Greek, and was employed as a book-keeper." In this office he probably succeeded the late venerable Fr. John McElroy. [1]

As to Bro. Mobberly being an author, I applied

1) A very interesting incident, which might be called the *turning point*, in the life of this saintly priest, I heard from the lips of Father Grassi, in Rome. F. Grassi was Superior of the Jesuits in Maryland. He was struck with the conversational powers of Brother John, who then was simply a *Coadjutor Temporal*. One day at recreation time, he told him to stand up, on the porch of the old building, and deliver a sermon, *ex tem.*, on a certain subject. The result was a command to study for the

for information to the Rev. J. S. Sumner, whilst engaged in compiling the *Bibliographia Catholica Americana*. It would have been an item of great interest, to add to the list of our earliest American Authors (1774–1820) this one Jesuit Lay Brother, a Jesuit prelate, the great Archbishop Carroll, being the first on the list. Fr. Sumner (G. T. College, April 1, 1872) replied: "No one here is aware of his compiling anything except the MSS. containing the account of W. Clip, and another giving a Description of the doings of the British [in quest of *Beauty & Booty*] on the Potomac during the last War with Great Britain, at which time Bro. M. was at St. Inigoes."

. . . . The good Brother after giving a resumé of facts connected with the doings at *Wizard Clip*, related above, continues:

"The above narrative was made out, about the year 1817 by the Rev. Mr. Mulledy [1] at the request

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priesthood. I have no recollection of having seen this circumstance ever mentioned in Reminiscences or Biographies of Fr. MacElroy. It is too interesting to allow it to go into oblivion.

1) Reverend Thomas Mulledy's is a household name with the Catholics of the Northern and Middle States, besides the high repute for learning and comely ways he enjoyed with our Statesmen at the National Capital. Three times he honored the Mitre by refusing it—once that of the Metropolitan of New York. Pending the correspondence between the American Prelates and

of Rev. A. Kohlman. [1] They both went up to the

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the Court of Rome, "Father Tom," was hidden in farmer's disguise in the mountains of Western Virginia.

Born in Virginia A. D. 1794, he was enrolled among the soldiers of the Cross, in the Company of Jesus, February 5th, 1815, and died in 1860, July 20. Educated at the Gregorian University in Rome he bore the palms of highest success in both philosophical and theological arenas. In this country he filled the highest posts of honor among his *Sodales*.

1) Anthony Kohlman's is a name than which none has been more honored in his native Germany, in Rome, or in the United States. It was he who in company with the benemerit Ben. Joseph Fenwick, of Boston, endeavored to bring peace and comfort to the death bed of Thomas Paine. But when the dying skeptic found that the two messengers of Peace could bring no relief to the body, he spurned them.

Father Kohlman's Disquisitions (Washington, 1821) on Unitarianism are to this day studied with appreciative eagerness, even by those whose tenets he with great urbanity impugned. The bold firmness with which he upheld the sacred trust of the Confessional before the New York Courts in 1813 has identified his name with the "Catholic Question in the United States." Leo XII held him in great esteem, called him from America to fill an important chair in the Gregorian University, and had his own choice Library placed at the Professor's disposal. He continued deep in the confidence of Pius VIII and Gregory XVI. My experience of men of all colors and hues, high and low, especially within the pale of Mother Church, has been pretty wide, and honestly do I say that a more lovely, comatable, faith-inspiring, cheery man I have never met.

Sulphur Springs (I think in August), and visited Mrs. McSherry, who related it to them as above.

"When I was a boy of 10 or 12 years of age [about 1791] I remember to have heard much talk of the *Wizard's Clip*, a name given to the place by the Vulgar. A Mr. Francis McAtee, a very wealthy and intelligent Catholic, told me that he had never given credit to the wonderful tales of spirit haunting people, but that the affair of the Wizard's Clip, was then of such notoriety, & *was related by so many and such respectable* men both Catholics and Protestants, that *he could not refuse to believe it.* I then lived about 30 miles from the place. He spoke in the highest terms of the great zeal & indefatigable labors of the Rev. Mr. Cahil, an Irish Priest, who was then on the mission, and who had visited Livingston, & freed him from his misfortunes. It is said that Livingston went down to Baltimore to see Bp. Carroll, who, after a strict examination,

It is but meet that we should give our readers such traits in the lives of those, whose testimony we may be obliged to quote so as to give the means wherewith to weigh their authority. For, if those, on whose testimony we must needs rely for a well-balanced opinion on the subject of this Monograph, are persons of correct judgment, men and women of level mind, we are more fairly disposed to receive the information in their power to afford.

observed that *he thought* THE MAN HAD RECEIVED HIS KNOWLEDGE FROM ABOVE.

"When I was at Conewago in 1813, I saw some clothes that had been deposited there by Mr. Livingston, or one of his sons. They were cut in several places. I think I saw I H S on one of the pieces. The Rev. Mr. de Barth told me, that there had been a shirt or towel there, which had the print of a man's hand burnt on it, but it was then lost or misplaced. (1) I asked him if it appeared to be burnt. He said, it appeared to him, as if some one had rubbed his hand on the bottom of an iron pot, &

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1) V. B. No. VI, Rev. Mr. Ender's letter, and 16. It was a wanton act to destroy those *Records* of history, tokens of one of the most wonderful manifestations of God's Benevolence during the struggles of the *primitive* Church in these United States. But my long studies in our earliest histories, and earnest endeavors to preserve ancient records, which would be so useful to the historian, have led me to the double painful conclusion, well established on facts, that our ecclesiastical Sires not only took no pains to preserve what should have been treasured for the former glory of this Infant Church, but even went so far as to destroy what was left of its records. This can be explained only by the fact of deficient training, or, to put an amiable construction on the vandalic behavior, that the good old priests cared only to have their deeds recorded in heaven. For interesting notices of Rev. L. de Barth v. *The Catholic Church in the U. S.*, by De Courcy & Shea, ch. xv., p. 224.

then pressed his open hand upon the cloth, having the entire appearance of a man's hand.

"When I went to New York in 1812, I was directed to call on Fr. Grassi [1] on my way thither, who was then at the Sulphur Springs in Virginia, in the neighborhood of Smithfield, or Wizard's Clip. Mr. McGinny [2] who then kept the Springs, accidentally mentioned Livingston to us in the course of conversation, & observed that Livingston's history was a very strange & curious one, & that, though he never before had given credit to any thing of the sort, yet *he knew not how to disbelieve the Clip His-*

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1) V. Rev. John Grassi's *Notizie Varie sullo Stato presente della Republica degli Stati Uniti.* . . . Roma, 1818—Milan, 1819—and Turin, 1822. Fr. Grassi, S. J., came to the U. S. in 1810, accompanied by Fr. Grivel. When they were on the eve of starting for Russia, sudden orders from their General changed their destination. He succeeded Fr. Molineux in the Superiorship of the Province, I believe. He returned to Europe in 1817, after the *Re-pristination* of the Company of Jesus, eventually he became Rector of Propaganda College, and died Assistant of the Roman Province. He was endowed with extraordinary qualities of heart and mind. It was said of him that "Nature had made him and then broke the mold." In his *Notices* he records his visit to the Springs, and, if my memory is correct, the manifestations of the clip, also; yet I am not sure.

2) Surely the Signor Minghini, mentioned several times in the Letters of our fair correspondent. B. No. xiii.

tory. He further observed, that Livingston went to him one day in the depth of his distress & begged him to apply to a Priest for his relief.—Mr. McGinny laughed at him, & told him it was some malicious person that disturbed the peace of his family, &c.—At this Livingston burst into tears. He afterwards applied to Mrs. McSherry to speak to the Priest for him, as she did.—Mr. McGinny said that he went to Livingston's house and saw the cloth which was cut, & that it was a curious circumstance, that whatever he saw cut, was cut as exactly with the thread, as if a tailor had done it. He appeared to be perfectly convinced of the truth of this strange history. He said he picked up several pieces from the floor, where it had fallen. The cutting was not going on when he arrived at the house,—it had ceased some time before.

"The question naturally arises:—why did not Bishop Carroll institute an enquiry in this matter? The answer is not difficult. Dr. Carroll, at that time, was the only Bishop in the United States of America; he consequently must have been seriously engaged in weighty matters of the church. He had but few clergymen to assist him. . . . . He was by no means wealthy; for it is said that some years before he died, his means were so scanty, that the

postage of his letters took all the money he could advance. The minds of Protestants were then soured against Catholics, and he seemed to have it in view to soften down the asperity of religious acrimony, & to unite all in the bonds of charity. He was therefore zealous to avoid every thing that might serve to call up old recollections, or which might afford a handle to Protestants. His conduct then is not to be wondered at."

B.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE GATHERER AND COMPILER OF THESE DOCUMENTS.

ACCORDING to the plan I have traced, I shall now subjoin such letters and notes as I have been able to gather. It is not my purpose to write a history. Were I of that mood or pretension, nothing easier, in my humble opinion, than to weave out of this web a wonderful tale of real life, of the very *Simonpurest* sensational kind.

I only wish to summon before my readers all the witnesses I could subpœna. The warrants were only from a friend to friends, and in some cases simply from a gentleman to gentlemen—if the reader will allow me the claim to *gentlemanship*.

I may simply note here, that *seeing* the condition and position in society and moral independence of my witnesses, it must be a very *hard squeeze*, to use the expression of a gentleman of color on the subject, to withold one's assent. . . .

Surely I have the whole army of Spiritists at my back. But to be candid I care naught for their sup-

port. For, altho' I readily admit that there may be truth in Spiritualism, I can (and the reader will agree with me) appeal to the very best of historical authority for facts parallel in their nature and development to those averred in Cliptown, without being under any obligation to modern Spiritism, which is not of God.

One suggestion occurs to my mind, which I consider *operae pretium* to lay before the readers. Here it is:

The Master has given us an unerring rule, by which to form a correct opinion of persons.

BY THEIR FRUITS YOU SHALL KNOW THEM.

Matthew vii., 16.

Well, then, to say nothing of the results, which the participation in, or the direct and prompt assent to the Manifestations of Cliptown, bore in the lives of the immediate *sufferers*—their humility, straightforwardness, and sincere application to draw from them the conclusions that most directly affected the conduct of their lives—what are we to say of, or what conclusions draw from such who were not *participants*, but gave their opinions, free and untramelled, when called upon?

The *victims*, as some will call them, of these Manifestations, or to use the proper word—the objects

of a merciful Dispensation, had (like the Magi of olden times) to meet the ridicule of their peers, and endure hardships and humiliations, such as very seldom fall to the lot of man. But Livingston and his family, once knowing that "the finger of God was there" submitted to all with meekness, asked, like Saul on the road to Damascus, what the Lord wished them to do, and once that Will made known, they entered upon the new path, rejoicing even *as a giant to run the way*, even to the end of heaven, for they felt that *the testimony of the Lord is faithful.* They *did not turn* from the appointed goal *to the right hand or to the left*, but entered the one true Church, and faithful to her teachings, the powerful vivifying grace of the Sacraments strengthening the upright instincts of a well disposed nature, they became objects of admiration and veneration for the godliness of their lives.

By their fruits they became known to all!

Now surely the Evil Spirit, who, under a special dispensation may have a knowledge of the future, would not be the factor of results so eminently leading to sanctification of souls, glory to the Church, honor to God—nay to his own confusion. Such fruits he could never wish to reap.

On the other hand summon before your judgment

those who were not the close or direct *participants* in those Dispensations, but knew of them, or had more or less witnessed their effects—persons of unimpeachable lives, exquisite training, upright and independent, (individuals of doubtful character only, whom the manifestations affected, refused either testimony, or assent), having no reason, motive or inducement to fabricate, countenance, color, or abet false deeds and false statements—such, who at first poohpoohed the bruiting of some unearthly manifestations, yet on hearing the details and examining facts and persons with a calm curiosity, could not withhold the assent of a cool judgment—of these some being non-Catholics, others of the Catholic faith—of the latter such men as John Carroll the first American Bishop, and Thomas Mulledy, and John Grassi, and Reverend Prince Demetrius Gallitzin, with his tutor F. X. Brosius, D. D., whose astronomical works are held in so high repute—add Anthony Kohlman, whose name is yet a bug-bear to the aristocratic Brahmins of New England, the bosom friend of Leo XII, a man from whose authority in matters of moral none dared to appeal, and whom God chose in later times to be instrumental in another wondrous manifestation of His Mercy and Power—I say, take all this mass of testimonials, opinions, and judgments, and—what conclusion will a reader come to?

Yet for myself I would fain let all this testimony, weighty as it is, go unheeded, and would willingly judge the cause on its simple merits as set forth in the straightforward and clear unbiassed narrative of H. S., which I give below. There is a *prima facie* evidence in these pages, which carries conviction in its words.

Lastly set in array before your mind all those personages so high in science, and exalted in Christian perfection, who are yet living in honored old age, and who readily give evidence to these manifestations—and what will you say?

But then where are the authorities *ex adverso?* I find none, except some slight cynicism, or a stupid doubt.

O reader judge for thyself?

CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Georgetown Coll., Jan. 18, 1872. Dear Fr.—

. . . . The old MSS. in possession of Rev. J. Early, which was written by Br. Moberly, about 1824, has the same matter as the MSS. I sent you (and which I have received again). It adds, however, that the narrative was made about 1818, by Rev. Mr. Mulledy, then a scholastic, at the request of Rev. A.

Kohlman. They both went up to Sulphur Springs [1], and visited Mrs. McSherry [2] who related it to them. The Bro. himself had lived about 30 miles from there, met persons to whom the facts were known, and had seen at Conewago [3] some of the articles left there by Livingston, which had been cut by the Spirit. He adds that L. related the circumstances to Abp. Carroll, etc.

☞ I myself was acquainted with an old lady, who said that she remembered the circumstances. She was then a small child, and lived at Harper's Ferry. She said that one lady had carried to the house a new cap, which, for protection, she kept in a reticule while in the house. Notwithstanding this, when she left the house, she found her cap all cut to pieces, without injury to the reticule. The son of this old lady lives in Washington [4], and could easily recall his mother's account if needed.

Sincerely Yrs in Xt, Jno. S. Sumner, S.J.

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1) Our friend is a great rummager among old records. With a tenacious memory he possesses keen discernment. Did he doubt any part of Bro. M's account he would correct it.

2) V. Mrs. McSherry's Account in H. S's Correspondence, No. XIII.

3) V. Infra Fr. Enders' Letter, No. VI.

4) Is this the gentleman who wrote Letter VII? Let the reader bear in mind that this worthy gentleman is not a Catholic; the more weight in his utterance.

II. G. T. C., Jan. 30, '72.

. . . Fr. Early makes no objection to your publishing the narrative. . . . Always glad to oblige you, Yours very truly,

JNO. S. SUMNER, S.J.

III. G. T. C., Feb. 25, '72.

The letter I enclose (1) is from an old gentleman, whose mother's reminiscence of the 'Wizard Clip' affair, I alluded to in a former letter. . .

Yours sincerely,

JOHN S. SUMNER, S.J.

IV. LITTLESTOWN, PA., Jan. 31, '72.

Rev. and Dear Sir [to Fr. J. S. S.]

. . . . My father's residence was about 4 miles distant [from Livingston]. He and my mother frequently visited them. I was young at the time—remember the visits of Father Gallitzin—His "Defence of Catholic Principles" and "Letter on the Scriptures" have been published—he alludes to the family in one of these publications. . . . There

(1) V. infra the already quoted No. VII.

is no member of the family in that part of the country. Mr. Livingston and family left many years ago for Cambria Co., Pa., the residence of Fr. Gallitzin.—Wizard Clip is about 15 miles S. W. of Harper's Ferry. I do not know of any Catholic residing there. I doubt very much whether any more information could be obtained by visiting there.

Yours respectfully,

RICHARD MCSHERRY. (1)

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1) This is a name that awakens many sweet and glorious memories. Richard McSherry was a venerable man, a justly-trusted physician, and a highly revered citizen. Towards the close of his life he spent about two years in Littlestown, Pa.—Educated at Georgetown College, he passed through the course, ere the College could confer Degrees, which power Congress did not grant until 1815. He was over twenty years old at that time, and able to weigh the merits of the Clip's cause. His short letter conveyed an impression of belief. He served in the ranks of the U. S. Army in the War of 1812; and in 1816, he graduated in Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania; afterwards he practiced medicine, with great success, for over fifty years, in Martinsburg, Va. The two generations, that witnessed the virtues by him practiced during his long career of four score, gave him a place in their love and esteem second to no one. He was born in Berkely, now Jefferson Co., Va., in 1792, and died in Baltimore, in 1873. (*v. Catholic Mirror.*)

His son, Richard McSherry, M.D., late U. S. A., is a physician of the highest renown in Baltimore, at this moment. We

V. LITTLESTOWN, 7 Feb., 72.

Rev. and Dear Sir [Fr. J. S. S.]

I sent you in my letter all that I could remember —Mrs. Annastatia McSherry was the wife of Richard McSherry, and Samuel Lilly [1] was her brother.

There is nothing else.

Yours, Respectfully,

RICHARD MCSHERRY.

Mrs. Annastatia McSherry was my mother.

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are proud of his friendship—Besides several historical and literary works (one: *El Puchero*, written from his reminiscences during the Mexican War,) he is a contributor of very able articles to Medical Journals. In conversation he told me, that his honored father remembered a visit of the Prince Missionary to his father's house, of several weeks duration, to gather facts about Mr. Livingston and family—but his father knew none, except from hearsay and tradition.

1) With fond reminiscence I remember a visit of several days, I paid, in company with the late Fr. Thomas Lilly, S. J. (who d. some years ago, at St. Joseph's, Phila.) to Samuel Lilly, Esqr., A. D. 1848. He was then over four score years old, a cripple; yet he rode out every day, the old faithful nag coming up to the block, from the stable, of her own accord, after having been saddled at the usual hour, after breakfast, and placing himself in a proper position for the master to vault in the saddle with ease. "Squire Sam" was indeed a glorious old Catholic, the arbiter of all difficulties in the neighborhood.

VI. Conewago, Adams Co., Pa., Feb. 21, 72.

Rev. and Dear Sir [the compiler].

. . . . They [the Livingstons] never lived at Conewago any length of time, they only visited this place soon after their conversion, a visit that may have been more than a flying one. Some of the clipped clothes had been kept in this house for a long while, at least till 1830 odd, when Fr. Lekeu [1] had them burnt. Mrs. McSherry, who sent the priest to Livingston's house, was not a sister but a cousin to Sam Lilly[!?]. The most reliable account you could obtain from Dr. McSherry, who moved last year from Martinsburg, to Littlestown, Adams Co., Pa., an octogenarian, who seems to be familiar with the most remarkable circumstances. I entertained some hope to meet him before writing, but I was disappointed.

. . . No doubt it would be interesting to have the account of Dr. McSherry, perhaps the only quasi

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1) "Father Matthew Lekeu was a native of Belgium, b. 1788, entered the Company of Jesus 1816, and was a priest at least by 1823. He was pastor of Conewago for many years, until 1845, when he was stationed at Newtown, St. Mary's Co., Md., and in that year, or the following returned to his native country, where he died a few years ago." Fr. J. S. Sumner, G. T. C., Ap. 1, 72.

witness of those occurrences [1]. The daughter of Sam Lilly, Miss Sally L., 71 years of age [2] remembers great many particulars, but Dr. McSherry, who is 10 years older and had been living on the spot [not so], could give a more satisfactory account. . . .

Your Ob't Svt.,

J. Enders, S.J. [3]

VII. Washington, Feb. 23, '72.

My Dear Friend:

. . . I wish I could give you the information you desire in relation to the "Wizzard Clip" doings;

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1) The good doctor, as can be easily seen by his correspondence, did not seem very willing to communicate all he knew. Prompted by the highest principles of honor, & a keen sense of truthfulness he hesitated to trust his memory. Then, like others, whose corroborating evidence I publish, he seemed to shrink from notoriety in connection with the matter of the "Clip." The motive is easily understood. But this very fact adds weight to their testimony, however scanty, and fairly attests to the truth of the general facts.

2) Unfortunately I delayed writing to this estimable lady too long, I have thus lost one of the best opportunities for information.

3) This venerable Jesuit Missionary is still (May 1878) in charge of that one of the oldest Catholic Missions in the U. S., founded in 1741, by Fr. W. Wappeler, S. J.

but I can not as they had ceased in my early infancy. I heard much when a lad—too marvellous at this day to believe. I may visit Jefferson County this summer, and if I do, will try & see some of my aged friends there to give me some of the "clipping doings" in the last century [what use to ask if they cannot be believed *at this day?*]. In the meantime let me refer you to John Gallagher, Esq. [1], now living in this City, who edited a paper within five miles of Smithfield (now Middleway), more than fifty years ago. Mr. G. is a member of your church, very intelligent, perfectly familiar with the people, and was then a member of the Virginia Legislature, many years. He, no doubt, can tell all the stories *told* and believed about the Ghost at Livingston's. . . .

Your friend,

R. H. Williamson,

Rev. John S. Sumner. 241 10th str.

VIII. St. Peter's Church,
Harper's Ferry, W. Va., March 8, 1872.

Rev. and Dear Sir:

The "Clip" property in this County still belongs to the Church and embraces about 34 acres of land, not of great value. The famous "Ghost" house is

1) v. Letter IX.

no longer in existence. I do not know when it perished. Perhaps the one most competent to furnish information is Mrs. H—— S———, of Martinsburg, W. Va. [1], who possesses some of the old papers. She is a descendant of Mr. McSherry, who accompanied Fr. Cahill when he exorcised the house.

Yours, very Truly,

JOHN J. KAIN. [2]

IX. WASHINGTON, D. C., April 7, 1872.

Rev. Fr. Sumner, Georgetown College,

Dear Sir:

. . . What I know of the matter is derived from vague tradition. I was born in Martinsburg, & lived some 10 years in Charleston, 6 miles from Middleway (Wizard Clip), and heard the subject

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1) The testimony of this estimable lady, one of my earliest most esteemed friends in the U. S., is given under No. XIII.

2) Rt. Rev. John Joseph Kain, D.D., was chosen successor to the pioneer Bishop of Virginia, Dr. Whelan, whose memory is in benediction. Dr. Kain was consecrated Bishop of Wheeling, W. Virginia, May 23, 1875, and still in the vigor of youthful manhood, governs with unmistakeable proof of apostolic zeal that interesting portion of the American vineyard. His Pastorals breathe the fervor, vigilance, anxiety and fatherly care of the Chrysostoms and Nazianzens.

often referred to, but the details were not sufficiently impressed upon my memory to enable me to state any thing satisfactorily. The queer [!] demonstrations must have occurred 70 years ago, whilst I was a child. . . .

With great respect,

Yours truly,

JOHN S. GALLAHER.

X. *Rev. and Dear Sir,*

. . . *Young children* could see the author of the voice: older people could not. So said the informant of

Yours Truly,

JAMES A. HEALY. [1]

April 13, 1872.

XI. After Father Sumner had kindly communicated to me Mr. Gallaher's Letter, I made bold to write to that gentleman, who very obligingly replied in the following:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Ap. 27, 1872.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of the 5th March last ought to have been answered promptly, but the reply would have been of little service to you, as I have nothing but vague tradition on the subject of the famous *Wizard*

1) Since consecrated Bishop of Maine & New Hampshire.

Clip. Sickness in my family has prevented me from looking up Mr. James McSherry, who *was born within a few miles of Middleway* [1] *and has a very retentive memory.* The clippings referred to took place [then he admits . . .] 70 years ago, when I was but three years old. [2]

In 1821 I established at Harper's Ferry a Weekly, the *Free Press*—and also published for 4 years a small literary paper, the *Ladies' Garland*, both secular papers. In 1827, I removed to Charlestown, . . . having bought the *Farmer's Repository* . . . . [its files & printing office burnt in 1862]. I do not recollect any publication on the subject of the clippings, except a small pamphlet [3] by Prince Gallitzen, a priest for some years at Pittsburg, Pa., [?!] of which I had a copy. . . (I was born in Martinsburg, Berkeley Co., 1 Dec., 1796.)

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1) This notable circumstance gives great weight to whatever little information Mr. James McSherry may feel reluctantly disposed to give. V. n. XII.

2) When the Manifestations came to a close, Mr. G. had grown up to that age when he must have felt disposed to make inquiries, especially in such matters, in which eminent Catholics of his own church took so much interest; and from the natural dispositions, which he avers to have possessed, no doubt he must have heard a great deal about it.

3) Rev. D. Gallitzin did not write a pamphlet, that I know of, but he only gave an account of it in a little controversial work. V. *infra.*

I was a member of the Legislature of Va. 11 years, and had many friends at Middleway. I have a great fondness for Reminiscences, and yet, strange to say, I never treasured up any on the subject referred to. In the session of 1830, I introduced a bill to establish an election precinct at Middleway, and this afforded an eminent member the opportunity for a facetious inquiry, whether this was the celebrated *Wizard Clip?* Thinking that the distinguished member was disposed to kill my bill with a joke—for a witticism is often more potent than logic—I retorted with some severity, and the joker apologized like a true gentleman.

I truly regret that I am unable to give you any information on a subject which you could render interesting in Catholic History. With wishes for your success in a laudable work,

I am, yours truly,

JOHN S. GALLAHER. [1]

XII. [The following explains to a certain extent the reticence of the previous writer—i. e. memory weakened by a long lapse of time.

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1) Mr. Gallaher has since been gathered to his fathers. R.I.P.

Had we no other document, the above correspondence affords a very strong proof of the existence of those manifestations. The writer's study to dissemble is evident. What motive he

In the note, I meet the objection raised from the somewhat morbid sensitiveness, dreading a publication of facts in which names of his family must needs, yet in a most honorable connection, to be mentioned.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.
April 30th, 1872.

Father John S. Sumner.

My dear Sir,

I respectfully inform you that I received your letter of yesterday and have called to see Mr. Gallaher this morning. He informs me that all he knows about these occurrences amounts only to oral tradition [yet he lived *near* the place of and *during* the manifestations] and the lapse of time is so great, that he could give nothing that would be interesting on the subject.

As my relations are very prominent figures in the

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may have had in this *seeming discredit*, it would not be very difficult to find. But the silence of the grave hushes even our pen. Yet in his own avowal of an innate "fondness for Reminiscences" it is but natural that the feelings of vexation to which the taunts and ridiculing of non-Catholics gave rise in the souls of Catholics, in those early days, may have clung to the heart of our departed friend, as well as of others, to his oldest years. This and a slight disposition to skepticism may have influenced his belief, or lack of belief. Yet his letter *proves* the *reality* of those manifestations, beyond cavil.

History of the remarkable affair, I think the manuscript should be submitted to some of my family before publication [1]. There were some papers published a few years since in the Baltimore Mirror, which were not authorized by our family, and which did not please us [2].

With great respect I remain your obedient servt

James McSherry [3].

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1) I have met this objection by communicating this letter to several members of the McSherry family, one of the most respectable in the Old Dominion. They, with the interesting and responsible lady correspondent from Martinsburg, have waived all objections. Family pride, and a natural shrinking from notoriety, may have prompted good Mr. McS. to insert that *caveat.* But the first as well as the second vanish before the motives which have inspired the compiler and his correspondents, and others, likewise, in publishing these facts, to wit: the assurance received from *One of the Seven who stand before the Lord, that it is honorable to reveal and confess the works of God.* Tob. xii. 15, 7.

2) Those papers were communicated by a resp nsible and highly respectable member of the McSherry family: v. No XIII. —these papers were entrusted into the hands of a venerable clergyman, second to no man in judgment, and of great delicacy of tact—those papers were published by a most respectable Catholic Publishing House, the name of a member thereof being prominent in the records contained in them. I hope no one will be found straining a gnat of indelicacy out of my tankard.

3) Mr. McSherry is a graduate of Georgetown, a lawyer by profession, altho' retired from business now, and has filled respon-

As I am about laying before my readers the following *Deposition*, I feel like appropriating to myself the words of the Roman orator: *Gaudeo, quod te*, dear highly esteemed friend of many years, *interpellavi, quandoquidem tam clarum mihi dedisti testimonium* (de Leg. iii. 1.) Verily, it may be said of her, that *incorruptae pondera testis habet.* But not only is she unbiassed, *incorrupta:* she is also so straightforward, that truth speaks out, in self evidence, at every line: there is a naiveté indescribable in her style: she writes *con amore*, and the enthusiasm of her soul, giving the testimony of her mother adds a peculiar zest to her narrative. For this reason the reader will forgive me, if I narrate an episode relating a touching experience of the last war, foreign indeed

sible offices under the Federal Government. Being 65 years of age, he was not born at the time of the 'Wizard Clip'; a circumstanee to be born in mind in reading his letter.

Altho' conneeted by marriage, his family is distantly related to that of James MeSherry, Esq. of Littlestown, Pa., in whieh State he was born, and who died some twenty years ago. A gentleman was he of the highest standing, who had served a score of years in public life, mostly in the U. S. Senate, and once in Congress. James McSherry the accomplished writer, historian of Maryland, a most dear intimate friend of ours, so early, alas! taken from us by a sudden death, was his son. He onee eneouraged us to publish these papers. These cireumstanees we note to avoid confusion of genealogies.

to the subject, but so interesting, that I could not forbear copying it into these pages. When, at the suggestion of the worthy Pastor of Harper's ferry, now a highly esteemed Prelate of the Church, I addressed her with that reserve which must prompt the words of a gentleman and a priest writing to a lady *supposed* unknown to the writer,—a stranger to a stranger—great was my surprise, when her prompt and courteous answer bespoke, in affectionate terms, the feelings of an old and dear friend. More than a quarter of a century ago, I enjoyed the hospitality of her parent's home, with that expansion of home-like friendship, nowhere felt by a priest more purely and unalloyed than in the home of southern catholics. It was at the close of my first year of priesthood, in August, 1848, when I enjoyed a few days of vacation with that paragon of a true Irish gentleman, and devoted priest, the Rev. Joseph Plunkett, beloved and esteemed pastor then of Martinsburg, Va.

Tedious as the copying of long letters must needs be, and a regretful task, when one in my position has so many important duties to perform that I cannot give to this work but *subcaesivas hòras*, nay and the hours which poor fatigued nature claims for its rest—irksome, I say, as this work must necessa-

rily prove, yet in my case it becomes the source of pleasure. For not only the consciousness of working *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, is both an encouragement and a solace, but it makes a man, more than three score years old, live his youth over again. The woman, a mother now, with grown up children around her, and the refined lady, is forgotten, and you only converse with the frisky, cheery, and affectionate little girl, who sat long ago on a cricket at your feet, entertaining you with the all important experiences of her daily life. Yea, I see my correspondent in that attitude even now, at thousands of miles distance and through the mist of a long eventful life. Blessed days of youth! what a gulf, an abyss of trials, labors, sufferings, sad experiences, yawns at this hour between those days brim full of unalloyed joy, and the bleak reality of old age! . . .

But am I not straying from my path? Well forgive an old man, who lives much on the past, and must needs be garrulous, and *Laudator Temporis Acti*.

And prefacing my earnest thanks to the writer, I begin to copy her interesting and exhaustive correspondence:—

1. MARTINSBURG April 1st 1872

Rev. Dear Sir.

You address me, Father, as a stranger; I assure you, I remember Father —— with great affection since I was a great favorite with him when at the Visitation Convent in ——, at school. You have long since forgotten little H. N. who sat at your knee and expected sugar plums every time you came. I was the smallest child in school. . . .

Now I have introduced myself. . . . .

I have no original papers about the "Clip," only copies of the record kept at Georgetown College. The witnesses are Doctor Carroll, Rev. Father Gallitzin, Father Brosius, Father Pelentz, Father Denis Cahill, since returned to Ireland. My copy was written by Dr. Becker (now Bishop of Wilmington, Del.) who copied it when he was here, before he began to study for the Priesthood, and the traditions are in my mother's writing. I promised her I would never let the little book pass out of my hands. If you wish me to copy it for you I will do so with pleasure. If my mother was living she could call to mind many interesting items. She furnished Fr. Preston of Kentucky, I think, with materials, for those "Clip Papers" published in the Catholic Mirror some years since, I do not know what year, as

I was down South then: it was during the early part of the War. You are correct, there was no church in Shepherdstown—Mass was said in a large room kept by some pious family. Father Denis Cahill was the Priest who was saying Mass when Mr. L. went in: he then went home with him, accompanied by my grand-father Richard McSherry, and Mr. Minghini. The Priest blessed the house, and said some prayers: then some money that had been missing was found on the door step as the priest passed out.—Only two of Mr. L's children are mentioned as having any piety; one son and one daughter who died in the odor of sanctity. Eve and Henry were their names. When Mr. L. left Va. for Pennsylvania, he left 70 acres [1] of land and a small house for church use, and the Voice said that before the end of time, that would be a great place for Prayer and Fasting. It belongs still to this [2] Diocese.—I have tried in vain to learn when the 'Clip' house was pulled down.—A vest made of Goat skin marked I. H. S. by the Spirit—this was taken to the Cone-

1) V. Letter VIII.

2) In the division of the Diocese of Virginia, episcopal see of Richmond, Martinsburg (Berkeley Co.) remained attached to that part of the old Diocese which comprises Eastern Virginia, with Richmond for its head quarters.

wago church [1], I think: A red flannel shirt or waistcoat was taken by aunt Susan Piet [2] to the Barrens, Perry Co. Missouri, a long time since, and left there. A hand was marked, stretched out, leaving the strip unburned that remained between the fingers. I knew the lady well (she was a girl then), who was ironing the clothing at Mr. Livingston's at the time. The Voice had made them rise three times in the night to pray for the Dead: but the thought passed through the maiden's head, that "the souls could have saved themselves, and deserved the pain, any how the thing was exaggerated" when, lo! the shirt was snatched from her, and the hand impressed on it. She has told me of it often—she died in 1863.—

I have the Cradle in which my uncle William McSherry was rocked by the Evil Spirit [3]—my six little ones have all been rocked in the same cradle. I have also the Crucifix from which our dear Lord spoke to my Grandmother.

I have copies of letters, two of them from her

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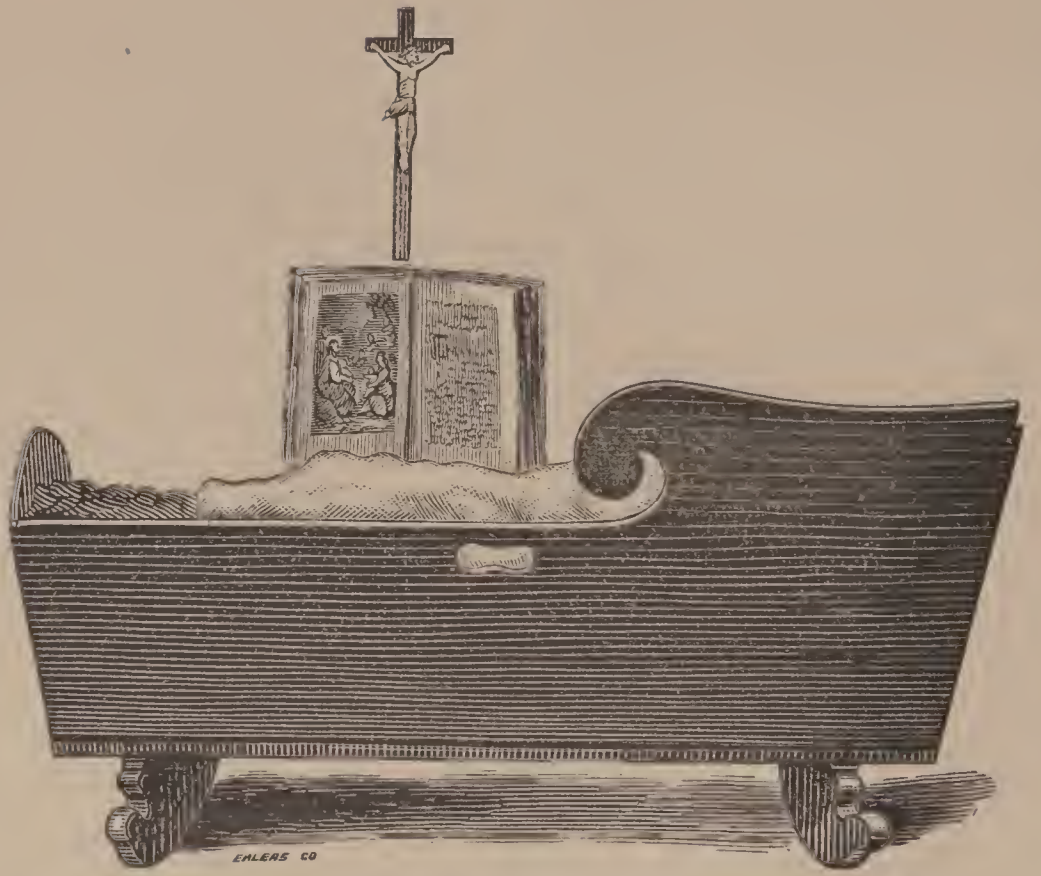
1) V. Letters of Fr. Enders & Prince Gallitzin.

2) V. Mr. J. Piet's Letter, *infra*, & its references.

3) This is the only time when the presence of an Evil Spirit is explicitly mentioned. This matter remains rather unexplained.



CRADLE, CRUCIFIX AND MISSAL.

See pages 67, 71 and 72.

[grandmother] to her Brother Sam Lilly [1] about the Voice, and two from Fr. Gallitzin to my aunt, Mrs. Doll [2] written in 1839, in which he regrets the loss of his original records concerning the Livingston family.

.....

I am under promise to my dead mother not to let these papers go out of my hands: but I will with great pleasure copy them for you, if you desire it.

My mother [3] was often favored with supernatural visitations. She was told while kneeling in church *to prepare and make her last confession.* She did so, told the Father Confessor of it, then she came home to my house, and gave the children her last farewell. She then made all her last arrangements, how she was to be buried &c. That same evening she was taken ill, and died on the third day from the warning [which had been given her by her own mother].

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1) V. Letter of Mrs. McSherry III under C.

2) Letter of the Missionary Fr. Gallitzin.

3) Mrs. N. reminded one of the 'virtuous woman' of Holy Writ; so quiet calm and unostentatious, and withal energetic, well educated, and eminently pious. One felt to be in the presence of a superior being, whom you could not help admiring, esteeming, revering and loving. Often has the admirable, amiable countenance of that lady been brought to my mind, during these last thirty years. r. i. p.

My mother promised me. . . . I hope I can furnish you interesting items for your work. . . . Begging your prayers and Blessing, I remain

Your child in Xt

H. S.

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2. April 13.

I must thank you for the dear little book [Dr. Hayden's Life of Rev. D. Gallitzin] . . . it does not do him justice, I think. Nothing is said of his labors in Virginia. . . . . [Here two pleasantly written pages of old reminiscences, at school and at home]. My husband took us to Fayetteville N. C. during the war (in which my brother died, serving as surgeon in the C. A.)—and we remained there till Gen. Sherman burned the house over our heads, at 11 o'cl. at night: he gave us only 15 minutes to dress the little ones: we lost our little home we had toiled to secure: all we had in the world was destroyed that night, and we found ourselves with just the clothes we had on, and one silver five cent piece. When morning came, we heard that transportation was open to allow persons of northern birth to go north. I availed myself of the opportunity, being born in Maryland. We went to Baltimore, to make our way into Virginia. . . . As you have a copy of the Georgetown record, I need

not send you that; but my mother's traditions are much more in detail and explicit. I will copy them faithfully for you—indeed, I do not think it would be an infringement on my promise, but they are written in a little book, with other family matters: they are not very lengthy, and as I know, were she living, she would willingly furnish them to *you*. . . . I do not know who or where Fr. Preston lived, only think he was somewhere in Kentucky. Dr. Richard M'Sherry, now in Littlestown, is my mother's brother, oldest of the family now living. Mr. Minghini was an Italian, who lived near Leetown, not far from grand-father's farm. You will know more of him from the Tradition Book.

I cannot say, whether the waistcoat is still in existence. Mrs. Piet (Susan McSherry) took it with her to Missouri in 1840, as near as I can recollect, and left it at a convent where her daughters [cousins of the writer, and one—since Sr. Mary Samuel of the Visitation B. V. M.] were going to school; that is a long time ago, and I cannot ask any information of any one here; only one old servant is left, who thinks the name of the convent was "The Sisters of Mary at the Foot of the Cross." [Sisters of Loretto, *Daughters of our Lady of Sorrows.* Loretto, Marion Co. Ky.? [1]]—none of the whites of the

1) v. Letter XIV.

family are here.—The girl, whose thoughts of Purgatory were so strangely interrupted, was Rosa McSherry, niece of Grandfather's, and William McSherry's daughter. He married a protestant, and to obtain sole charge of the child, he signed all his property to his wife, and left here, taking his child to grandpa's, where he lived the remainder of his life. Rosa married a Mr. Thomas, [1] long since dead: her children still live on a farm in this county, left them by her father. I can, whenever you wish, have the cradle, and the crucifix photographed in excellent style.

It would certainly make an improvement in your book.

Mrs. Catharine Doll, nèe McSherry, was my mother's youngest sister.

Mrs. Anastasia McSherry was my Grand-mother. The Voice always called her "Richard McSherry's helpmate." I have the letters she wrote to her

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1) I copy all these items, because they may prove, in the hands of more competent and industrious gleaners the means to open new sources of information. I have done my part. Let others, whose energy is not impaired, and may command better resources, go to work. There must be mines yet unexplored. I only regret I have allowed my labors, however light they may appear, to be interrupted, and their results lie dormant, against the earnest remonstrances of many friends.

brother Sam Lilly [1]; in one of them she speaks of her brother John, who had been in the Novitiate [Soc. Jesu ?], but had lost his faith; she was told [by the Voice] to go to him, to beg of him to return to God [2]. Alas! he did not, and died in his sins, as had been foretold! for, he was thrown from his horse, his neck was broken, and [he] died suddenly. This sad very sad event occurred in Kentucky.

☞ If there is anything in my letters, you think available for publication, in the book you intend to give us, you are welcome to make any use you think fit [3]: you are perfectly at liberty in this matter. You may safely rely upon all being strictly true and correct; but, pray, do never mention my name; for I am unworthy of the honor.

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1) v. Letter III. under C.

2) The reader will bear in mind that our correspondent gives the items either as they are supplied by her beloved parent's "Record", or as they occur to her memory, on which they had been engraven by conversation with the kin and kindred of the generation before her own. No reference made by her to Letters, Relations, &c., of others.

3) We hope this will prove sanction satisfactory enough, even for the most fastidious persons who either bear the name, or are related to the Dramatis Personæ. This correspondent not only does not object to, but seems even gratified at having the account made public.

3. April 22.

I fear, dear Father, you will find this account very disconnected, but it was written just as the events came to mind. When my mother and sisters and brothers would sit and talk over their childhood, these events would come to mind, and nothing was written that *all* did not distinctly remember to have heard from their sainted mother's lips. My mother was always delicate, and sat in her mother's room, more than any of the other sisters, so she could call to mind many little things the others did not remember, probably because she heard them spoken of oftener, and [they] made more impression on her naturally religious mind. I remember, she often, when speaking of Aunt Mary Spaulding's death, told me, that when the gates were opened for grand-pa and grand-ma to pass, it was on the day of her death. They went to Mr. Livington's and the gates were opened all the way. When they came to the door, the door opened, and Mr. Livingston had just risen from his chair to open it, as he heard them coming. Grand-ma said, "How is this?" he answered "Your sister Mary has opened the gates and door: she is dead and needs your help." The Voice did not tell them why she needed their help, until after her soul was taken to heaven. —Mrs. Rosa Thomas (McSherry) often told me of

the angel's visit, and added, that Mr. Livingston sent her to open the gate of the front yard for the visitors to pass, and as she swung the gate back he vanished, [and] Mr. Livingston remained on the porch looking after him.—She often told us of a piece of new linen she and Eve Livingston were bleaching, 40 yards in the piece. One day as they were spreading the linen on the grass, it was taken away from their sight, and for three weeks nothing was seen of it. Well, after many prayers (for in those days that was a serious loss) they were both standing by an open window and saw their linen, nicely folded and bleached on the bush.

When, as you will see in your Georgetown record, Grand-ma was praying before her Crucifix, it was on Holy Thursday—her custom was to go to Frederick every Holy Week, to attend the services—this time her babe was sick—my mother was the babe—the voice which spoke to her from the Crucifix, made her raise her eyes (she always prayed with her eyes closed and her arms crossed on her breast), and told her "that child would comfort her yet." So it proved, for when Grand-mother was dying, she left her youngest child, then about one year old, to my mother's care, and made her the promise that, if she would do a mother's part by that babe, she, Grand-ma,

would ask Almighty God to grant her whatever she most wished. My mother asked to know of her death when it was near, and Grandmother promised to give her three days notice, which she did, and my mother faithfully did her duty to her little sister. What a consoling thought to mothers that the innocence of their children protects them! My children have been my safeguard more than once. After my brother's death, my mother's health failed so rapidly that I was written to come home from the South to cheer her up. This was in 1863. I came home bringing my two children with me (we had buried one little boy down there)—I remained home for eight months, when orders were issued, that all persons should take the oath or leave Virginia. I could not and would not take the oath—so I was sent "through the lines" up the Valley as far as a small town called Middletown, myself and three little ones, one three months old. Well: I was the only woman, and went through the two armies, and I had not one single word of disrespect or unkindness said to me. One day [1] as we were journeying along (I went 240 miles) alone, part of the way in a little spring wagon, and a boy to drive, we stopped to rest on the top of

1) Foreign as this episode may appear to the subject, it is too interesting to be omitted.

Fisher Hill where Gen. Jenkins was killed, when a soldier came *to borrow my baby.* I handed my little Mary Lilly to him, and he went off by himself, with the babe closely hugged to his bosom. I waited sometime for him "to return the loan," but he tarried somewhere, and I saw no sign of him. Strange I felt no uneasiness or alarm: yet after awhile I went to hunt him up, and I found them both, the rugged soldier weeping like a child, and my dear angel sweetly asleep on his breast. He told me that when he joined the army, he left behind him a young wife and a little son, in a happy home. But since, that home had been burnt, and both mother and son had died from exposure—he had pledged himself with an oath that he would be last to leave the field.

The voice said, that those of the family who would remain faithful to God, would not suffer from the scourges that were hanging over the world, and they would moreover know when they were in favor with God. Of all the young members of our family, eight in all, who were in the whole long War, only my poor brother died; none of the others even received the least injury. But he died from over exertion in attending to his duties at the hospital. His death was very sudden, but not unprepared, for

he had fulfilled his Easter duties with Father Bixio, S. J. [1], in Staunton, Va.

. . . . Mr. S. says when you come, we can give you a hearty welcome, but none of the luxuries of life. We are only poor people [not so when I knew them in their happy home, of 1848], trying hard to do our duty to our God, and the little souls he has given us in charge. . . . .

Pray for

H. S.

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1) This worthy Jesuit is still living; and we cannot say of him what we would like for the common edification. What a strange coincidence! Whilst Father Joseph is a devoted follower of the Loyola, his brother Nino (who is said to have been devoured by the Cannibals of Oceanica) has left behind him a name not dear to the Catholics for the part he took in the treachery of September 17, 1870! Whilst Fr. Bixio was with the Federals in Virginia, he was told of some poor Catholics who were dying in the Confederate lines, and were begging the assistance of a priest. The good man presents himself at the outposts: challenged, he tells his errand: informed that if he went over to the enemy's line he could not return home, he trusts himself to his Master's care . . . . the consequence was he had to tarry with the Southern army for several months, and with it share all the perils and privations of a Confederate chaplain. If my memory does not play me false, either he was imprisoned, once, or taken for a spy.

4. MRS. ANASTASIA MCSHERRY TELLS HER CHILDREN THE HISTORY OF WIZARD CLIP [1].

This Mr. Livingston was a farmer, who lived in Pennsylvania; he was a *Lutheran*, most honest industrious man, who owned handsome property. This property began to diminish in a variety of ways, his barn was burnt, his horses and cattle died. His losses continuing, he left Penna and came to Virginia, Jefferson Co., and settled in Smithfield, sometimes called Leetown, where he had as much trouble as before: horses and cattle died, his clothes cut to pieces.

They were often alarmed by strange noises in the house—like horses galloping around—again, their clothes burning, their money taken away, and a great variety of strange doings—until at last they resolved to get some one to come and Lay the Devil.

They tried conjurors and preachers, but to no purpose.

At last Mr. L. had a dream: he thought he was climbing a high mountain, and had great difficulty to get up, had to labor hard, catching to roots and bushes, but when he had reached the top, he saw a

1) In the hand writing of our fair correspondent.

Minister dressed *in robes*, as he termed it. After looking at the Minister for sometime, he heard a Voice saying:

"This is the man who can relieve you."

His wife heard him groaning in his sleep, and awoke him. Whereupon, he told her his dream, and said he did not know of a Minister who *wore robes*, but would enquire early in the morning.

Accordingly he started and travelled to Shepherdtown, where he was told by some one that it was a Catholic Priest he was looking for, as Priests only dressed *in robes*, and was directed to go to Mr. Richard McSherry, near Leetown, where he might find one.

Late in the evening of the same day, Mrs. McSherry saw him coming up to her house: she met him at the gate, and when he told her what he wanted, to wit, 'to see the Priest,' she told him, there was none at her house then, but *there would be church* in Shepherdtown [1] next Sunday—there he could see one.

Mr. & Mrs. McSherry *went to church*, next Sunday, —and there they found Mr Livingston.

As the Priest appeared at the Altar, Mr. L. was

) V. *Supra ab initio.*

very much overcome, wept bitterly, and exclaimed: "This is the man I saw in my dream, he is the one to relieve me."

When Mass was over, he went in to talk to the Priest and told him his sad story: but the Priest (the Rev. Denis Cahill) only laughed at him, and told him it was only his neighbors plagueing him, and that he must go home and watch for them. Richard McSherry and Mr. Menghini were present, and were much moved by the old man's tears, which made them listen to his sad story and tried to comfort him.

After much [urging], and a great deal of persuasion Mr Cahill went to Mr Livingston's, accompanied by Mr McSherry and Mr Menghini, and they both questioned the family. Finding they all told the same story, Mr C. sprinkled the house with Holy Water: and before they left, a sum of money that had been taken away was lying on the door-sill.

So after he had Mass in the house, the work of destruction ceased.

Mr Cahill visited them often, and received some of them in the church.

There were a good many of the children grown [1]:— Mr Livingston's family frequently saw a brilliant light

1) V. *Supra* Bp Healy's Letter, no x

at night, and heard a Voice speaking, which made them get up and pray for poor Sinners, telling them that the Blessed Virgin had great power in behalf of poor Sinners, that they must say "Holy Holy Holy, MARY, Mother of God, pray for us poor Sinners."— Again: the Voice explained the Mass to them, saying that "one Mass was more acceptable to God, than if the whole world was in sack-cloth and ashes,"—"it was God a pure God offered up to God" [1].—

On one occasion, when Mr L's family were all assembled in one room, they saw a man in the midst of them, and supposing him to be a beggar, as he was poorly dressed and barefooted, the day being cold, Mr L. offered him clothes and shoes, which he accepted, but said "were not needed where he came from." He tarried some time, instructing them in the christian doctrine, and talking to them: he told them "Luther and Calvin were in hell, and every soul that was lost through their fault added to their torments."—When he left the house, Mr. L. thought to watch him, to see where he went, as they had not seen him when he came in: they saw him go out by the front part of the house, and then *disappear.* [2]

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1) Strange expression: yet it cannot be called incorrect.

2) Let it be borne in mind, that Mrs. A. McS. wrote whilst many of the Dramatis Personæ were yet living.

Mr L's family were often told to pray for the Dead; the Voice would say "I want *prayers.*" One day, when Mr L. was at work in the field, he was taken apparently ill, and his sons going to him, he told them he had heard a shriek from a soul in Purgatory: he was unable to go home, and they had to help him: he was bent double. He often remarked afterwards, he could never forget it,—such a dreadful shriek!

Mr L. lived in a small village, called Smithfield, about four miles from the McSherrys, and often went to see them; there were then but few Catholics in the neighborhood. Mr L. would call and say he was sent by the Voice to tell them things. On one occasion he came early in the morning, and told Mrs McS. that her sister, Mrs Mary Spalding, had died during the night in Baltimore, and she must have Masses offered for her: the Voice had said she "was in Purgatory for over indulgence to her children." Mrs McSherry had eighty (80) Masses offered for her; at that time the mail came to Smithfield only once a week, and the next mail brought a letter with the news that Mrs McS. had died the very same hour told by Mr. L— Many messages were sent by the Voice to Mrs McS. through Mr. Livingston.

There was a protestant lady very sick, married to

the Italian, Mr Menghini, of whom we have spoken, and who kept a boarding house, at the Sulphur Springs [1], not very far from Mr. McSherry's farm. The Voice sent him word "to send for a Priest," but *he* refused to do so, saying *she* had her own preachers (she had acknowledged them to be as a broken withering stick). Mr M. added he would have to send 40 or 50 miles [2]. Mrs McS. went to see this lady, and found her very well disposed, and anxious to do what was right. So Mrs McS. asked her to repeat an act of contrition after her, which she did, and seemed very penitent.—Mrs McS. went home, and that night had a dream, in which she saw an infant, sitting by an immense rock, or mountain [a heap] of rocks, with a small stick in his hands. The little child struck the rock, and, in an instant, the rock or rocks crumbled away. She said the dream made an impression on her [as suggestive, not like the common dream of disordered minds]. In the morning she thought of it, but said nothing to any one, as she sup-

1) Refer this circumstance to what is said in the beginning of Br. Mobberly's Narrative. No wonder the idea of collecting information sprang from a visit to the *Sulphur Springs*.

2) Unfortunately Italians emigrating to this country *are* very apt to become Latitudinarians, ridiculing the idea of God caring for our trifles. We have abundant reason for making the remark.

posed it only a common dream. Now, in a little while, Mrs Livingston called, and told Mrs McS., she had had a vision, and Mrs Minghini was the subject of it—[here the MSS cuts rather short, and the transition is abrupt]. That the rock was a representation of sins, [which] were melted away by sincere contrition and the Priest's absolution.

Mr Livingston's eldest daughter, Eve, was a very pious and devoted Catholic, whilst some of the family never became converted. Mrs Livingston [?], step mother to these children, said she would not believe, and as far as we learn never did.—Eve went to a protestant meeting once, after becoming a Catholic. Whilst she was there, she shed tears, seeing so many go astray, not knowing anything of the Catholic Church. The Voice said "She had committed a great sin, as the people thought she was affected by what she heard, they did not know her thoughts," and forbade her going again. (1)

There was once a messenger sent to Richard McSherry, for a Priest to go and see a sick woman. The Priest's horse was kept in a little field near the house, called the "Spring Pasture," and the horse was sent for at once; but it could not be

1) The general purport of the Voice's utterances bespeak and represent the *Spirit of Light*, most undoubtedly.

found, though it had been seen there grazing a few moments before. Mr McS., then, sent for one of his horses, the which detained the Priest for sometime. No sooner had the Priest started on his errand, when his own horse ('Old Bull' was its name) was seen in the pasture, on the hill side, neighing, and had not been out of the pasture. For the Voice said "the horse was there, but made invisible, because the woman had put off her conversion till the last moment," and surely she had died before the Priest reached the house.

Mrs McSherry had the happiness of knowing her parents were in heaven from the Voice.—

The Voice told Mrs L., that many would not believe these things—some priests among the rest, who would laugh, and believe not,—and when He [the Voice of the Spirit] saw that, He should cease speaking, and not try to convince them.

When Mr L. left Virginia for Pennsylvania, he left 70 acres of land, and a small house on it, for church purposes, and the Voice said, "that before the end of time, that place would be a Great Place of Prayer and Praise."

In August 1804 Richard McSherry had a severe spell of sickness, his life being despaired of: he had had some unpleasant difference with the priest Rev.

Mr Cahill, on account of which he had not been to confession for some time. The Voice told Mr Livingston to go to Mr McSherry and *his helpmate*, and tell them, that "Mr McS. should humble himself, and go to confession, and touch Christ through the church, and he would be cured." Mr McS. obeyed on the spot, and sent for the priest, who came in the night, when Mr McS. was not expected to live till morning. He made his confession, received Holy Communion, and made his thanksgiving, after which he enjoyed a sweet sleep, was up in the morning before any one else of the family, in his wonted strength, tho' pale and emaciated. He frightened some in the household greatly, who, not knowing of the promise made by the Voice, thought him a walking ghost.

Once, some children were playing in Mr Livingston's yard, when some gentlemen dressed in black passed by, and the children ran in to tell the family that Priests were coming. The Voice [then] spoke of the simplicity of the children, and said "those passers-by were ministers of the D . . . l, and their hearts were blackers, than their coats,"—they were p * * * * * * * * s.

Often did the Voice speak of the troubles that were hanging over the world, and told Mr L.

to tell Mrs McS. "she would not live to see it, but her children would—*War Pestilence and Famine.*"

Mrs McS. asked Mr L. to enquire of the Voice where the soul of her former Confessor was, who had been dead seventeen years. He was a very holy man, and she expected to hear he had been crowned immediately after judgment. Mr L. did so: the Voice replied, "Father F. was still detained [1] in the scorching flames of Purgatory, on account of some carelessness in the management of some property of Orphans he had charge of: he trusted it to somebody else, and did not see to it that it was properly attended to."

One night, in a hard rain, a stranger came to Mr McSherry's, and asked for a night's lodging. 'Twas most convenient for Mrs McS. to put him in the room where the Priest usually slept, and where the

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1) Could it be the ven. Ferdinand Farmer? Terrible example especially for administrators of orphans' estates!! In 1875 I was favored by H. G. Archbishop Williams of Boston with a copy of "A Funeral Sermon on the death of the Rev. Ferdinand Farmer who departed this Life the 17th Aug. 1786, in the 66th year of his age. By the Rev. Robert Molineux. Philadelphia: C. Talbot, in Front street, 1786." I had seventy-five copies reprinted for private circulation. Probably the copy was *unique*. It was intended for a first re-print of old American Books. But lack of sympathy made me abandon the undertaking.

church vestments, &c., were kept. They both knew him to be a Methodist Preacher. After retiring, Mr and Mrs McS. heard some one walking briskly about in that room, somewhat like the foot fall of one heavily booted. They were both kept awake the whole night, and were much disturbed. In the morning they asked the stranger whether he had not been sick during the night; but he replied, no, he had slept very well. Mr. Livingston meantime came, and told them they had had an unpleasant night, being kept awake: the Voice had told him to tell them, "God had permitted them to be disturbed to punish them for harboring him [in a place where sacred things were kept]—a minister of the D——l."

Mr L. wished to warn some persons about their way of living, but the Voice said, "No: they are like Dives, if they will not hear the church, they will not hear a Voice from the Dead."

Mrs McSherry was frightened one day by hearing the cradle rock violently, having in it her infant son William [1], whilst no one was near it; she called her husband to witness the fact, and started to run to it, fearing lest her child should be thrown out against the wall, but he would not allow her, saying "God is more powerful than the devil"—and the infant

1) V. *supra*.

was not hurt. And Mr L. told those parents the Voice had told him to tell them "It was the Devil who was trying to destroy the Child, knowing he would be one day his enemy.' This infant was since Fr. William McSherry, Provincial of the Jesuits [1]

One night Mr L. and his daughter Charlotte were sitting together, and the Voice spoke from a bright light in the corner of the room and told Charlotte that the D——l had deep designs on her all day, and would have succeeded, had she not held the infant of her visitor in her arms all day, "the innocence of the babe had protected her," said the Voice.

Mr L. had a son, Henry, twenty one years of age; on the eve of harvesting, his father said to him "to lead the field in reaping," to which the son said—he would not: for he was of age, unless his father paid him harvest wages.—Henry was very soon after

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1) William McSherry was one of that noble band of young Jesuits who in 1821 went to Rome to attend Lectures at the Roman College, at Gregorian University. With him were Revs T. Mulledy, J. Ryder, E. Young, G. Fenwick, and Constantine Pise, all illustrious names in the history of the American church. Dr. Ryder, the American Chrysostom, a confidential friend of Pius the Great whilst Archbishop of Spoleto. Dr. Pise the father and founder of American Catholic Literature, himself a graceful poet, eloquent orator, controversialist, historian and journalist.

taken with a pain on his knee, and suffered greatly, being confined to his bed for 18 months: the pain turned into white swelling, but after suffering that length of time, the Voice said "he had satisfied the Justice of God for his disobedience and disrespect to his father."

Eve Livingston was truly pious and industrious. After her death, the Voice said "her soul did not even pass through Purgatory."—She spent much of her time with Mrs McSherry. Mrs. Livingston, the step-mother of those children, was very prejudiced, and remained so. Once on a Thursday having meat soup for dinner, some was left. She said she was determined to deceive them and give it to them on Friday for dinner: she placed it in the cellar and kept the key in her pocket. But, when on the Friday she went for it, she found the crock in which she had poured the soup, perfectly clean, filled with clear water, just as much water as she had put soup in it. The Voice said "it did it, and it was more proper to take water, than to violate the rules of the church." Mrs Livingston herself told Mrs McSherry the whole occurrence.—She also stated, that the Voice had said, "if she would not submit to the rules of the Roman Catholic Church, she would open her eyes in hell."

Mrs McSherry often spoke of her visits to Mr Livingston's house. Once, when Mr and Mrs McS. were walking to Mr L's, the gates were all opened for them to pass through, without any one being near: the Voice said "Mrs Mary Spalding had opened them."

One night a piercing shriek was heard that roused the whole family, and the words "help! help!" were distinctly heard. Asked what help was needed, a Voice answered, "Prayers!" for they were in excruciating torments—hand them something, and they would be convinced; a short gown was held up at the place whence the Voice came, and a whole human hand was burnt out on it, leaving the place betwixt the fingers not scorched. The family saw the fire and the hand.

At another time, a like shriek was heard, and "help" sought as before. A shirt of Mr L. was handed, when a Cross with I H S was cleanly burnt on it. The sufferer said "her name was Catharine Gookman," a relation of Mr L.—Mrs McS. saw the burnt articles, and was under the impression they had been taken to the church of Conewago [1]. Some dresses were cut, she saw them; they were cut in small *half* moons, in

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1) V. *Supra*.

straight rows, as tho' by machinery—cut close together—without even space that one button could cover left—cut, all over.

Mr L's family were directed to keep the usual Fast of Lent ordered by the church, and every night they assembled in prayer, [they were ordered] to pray until it [the Voice] answered *Amen* or *Deo Gratias*. They were also made to keep an extra Lent in thanksgiving for the true faith, and to pray as before.

Mr L. walked to Conewago and back. The Voice said "it had been with him the whole way."

Three of Mr McSherry's daughters were one day trying, or rather fitting on some new dresses, and one of them thought one of them very becoming. Whilst they were all admiring the dresses, the mirror before which they were standing was shattered into hundreds of small pieces, not one large enough for a small shaving glass.

I have the *Mass Missal* [1], the Priests used in say-

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1) MISSALE | ROMANUM | ex decreto Sacro sancti conciliis | Tridentini restitutum | Pii V. Pont. Max. iussu editum, | et | Clementis VIII. primum, nunc denuo | Urbani Papæ VIII. auctoritate recognitum. |

Antuerpiæ,
Ex Officina Plantiniana
Balthassaris Moreti.
M. DC. LVII.

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ing Mass at Grand Pa's, and when you order the photographs to be taken, I will set the crucifix over it. 'Tis very old and venerable; just think of all those holy Priests using it—Fathers Gallitzin, Mallawey [1] and Cahill! H. S.

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5. MARTINSBURG, VA., May 2, '72.

Rev. Dear Father:

. . . Indeed I am glad you were pleased with the photos.; the dark one I think is the best. [2] Uncle

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1) About Fathers Cahill and Malevé:

LOYOLA COLLEGE, Baltimore, Md., May 6, 1878.

Rev'd and Dear F.

Yours of April, 27th ult. I can find no mention of the Rev. Mr. Cahill in our books at any date from the beginning of the Mission.

F. Francis Malevé, SJ., arrived in this country sometime in 1806, was stationed for a time in Georgetown College, whence he was sent to Newtown, S. Mary's County, which he left in 1809, for what destination no record. In 1812 he was sent to Frederick City, and partly alone and partly with another Father, attended that and the neighboring Missions. My impression is that he sueeeeded F. Rantzau. He died in 1822, October 3, and was buried just behind the Sacristy of the old Church. He was succeeded by F. McElroy. F. Malevé was a great sufferer in his latter years from consumption.

In union with your Holy Saerifiees and prayers,

Yours affectionately *in Dno*,

JAMES A. WARD, S.J., Soc.

2) Here our fair and noble correspondent makes allusions to the objections raised in one of the previous letters. I wish it were in my power to transcribe the reasons, very conclusive rea-

Richard, the oldest of the family, made no objection when my mother sent the Record to the clergyman who published it in the *Catholic Mirror:* if objection was to be made, then was the time. I am sure you think so too. . . .

Pray for your child
in Christ

H. S.

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6. MARTINSBURG, May, 1st, 1872.

Dear Father:

I send to-day the Photograph, after having seven taken this was the best I think. . . . . If you get a magnifying glass, you can read the heading of the Mass in the Book. The Crucifix is bronze, on brown wood, and does not show to advantage. . . . . I do not know whether my mother furnished the

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sons, why no attention should be paid to the objections. The readers will agree with me, that from all that has been written, and from the sentiment of all (except that one solitary case) interested in the matter (some of whom are not mentioned in this my rhapsody), even to one of the worthy publishers of my booklet—I say the readers will agree that not the least breach of propriety or lack of consideration can be charged against my performance. Therefore, I am happy, that I have at last gained the opportunity, by the ready compliance of Messrs. Kelly, Piet & Co., to publish the result of my researches, imperfect as the work may be considered.

records to Father L. Obermeyer, but I know she[1] sent the records to whoever it was who had them published in the Mirror. She wrote me to that effect, regretting I could not see them, as I was so far, and no facilities of mails. . . .

I am very anxious to see the book. We are very sorry to hear of your ill health: . . . if the prayers of little innocent children will avail, you will soon be well: my little ones pray for you. . . . Pray for us all.

Yours in Christ

H—— S——.

P. S. I would rather not have even my initials, but use your own judgment . . . .

Yours in Christ

H. S——

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7. MARTINSBURG, Ascension Day, '72.

[May 9.]

Rev. Dear Father:

. . . The Missal was the only one in this Mission for a long time, and has been a companion on

1) The statement drawn up by Rev. Louis Obermeyer, to which reference has been made several times, and published in the *Catholic Mirror*, of Baltimore, will be found below. The statement may not offer new information: but the assent of the gentleman who wrote will add weight to the proofs already given in these pages.

the travels of all those holy Missionaries. It was sent to my grandfather by his brother in Ireland, with a New Testament with notes, almost as old.

. . . . If you have a magnifying glass you can read, in the photograph, the beginning of the Mass, and the engraving representing the Angel's visit to Our Lady, though the page is time worn and stained.

I remain your sincere child

H. S.

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8. MARTINSBURG, Augt 9.

Rev. Dear F.

. . . . . I am positively certain, that Mrs Susan PIET took the red flannel waist coat to the Barrens, and gave it to the Sisters (what Sisters I do not know), [1] only it was at the Barrens, Perry Co., Missouri; where two of the daughters were at school. Mrs Piet is dead: her husband is living in Baltimore, a very worthy old gentleman. . . . . [2]

Pray for your child H—— S.

The mention of the "Daughters of Our Lady of Sorrow" towards the close of Letter No. 2. under heading of XIII, suggested my writing to those Sis-

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1) Sisters of Loretto.

2) Letter No. XV explains this matter.

ters. Here I subjoin two letters, one from the Sisters, and another from a very respectable gentleman in Baltimore, both of which throw a great light on our subject, and are admirable proof of the existence of the doings of the Clip.

XIV. St. Vincent's Academy
Cape Girardeau, Mo.
Sept. 8, 1872.

Rev. — — — Esteemed Father,

The letter you wrote to F. McC., C. M., Barrens, Mo. was sent to me by his successor. I presume it was because we bear the title mentioned in your letter. Our title, as a religious body, is "Sisters of Loretto," or "Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross." We had a branch house in the Barrens about the time you mention, and there are two old sisters in this house that lived there and taught two daughters of Mrs Piet, sister of the priest, Rev. McSherry. I read your letter to them. They remember Mrs Piet and two daughters very well, but for any particular about the articles cut by mysterious hands they know nothing. One of the daughters joined the Visitation Order, and is at present at

the Visitation convent in Baltimore: her name was Margaret Caroline Piet; but in Religion I have not learned her name [1]. Hoping, etc.

I am with respect

SR MARY CATHARINE, *Sup.*

Having reached so far in my work, several long spells of sickness, an increase of duties above my strength, taxing all my time, even to leisure hours, the refusal of publishers to take hold of my MSS unless I paid in advance, to me a thing not possible, consigned my bantling to a forced obscurity, until the Messrs Kelly, Piet & Co, readily and courteously, with flattering terms, bade me awake to it, and here having licked it into a more presentable form [2], *meo bene precatus libello*, I trust it into their friendly hands.

Yet my task is far from being accomplished, and the kind reader will please to wade with me through more waters.

Thus, having laid Letter XIV before John B. Piet, Esq., of my publishing firm, he favored me at once with the following interesting comment:

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1) Sister Mary Samuel.

2) Ursus fertur dictus, quod ore suo formet fetus, quasi orsus. Isidor. Or, xii, 2.

XV. BALTIMORE, May 11, 1878.

Dear Sir, ... When my father and mother left the McSherry farm, in September, 1840, and went to the Barrens, Perryville, Perry Co., Mo., they took with them an old red flannel or worsted vest, that was cut all over in the shape of half moons, said to have been done at the house of Mr. Livingston by the Evil [?] Spirit. When we returned to Virginia in 1844 (April), my mother gave the old vest to the Sisters of the Visitation who were then residing and had an academy at Kaskaskia, (1) in Illinois.—They were driven out of Kaskaskia by the great flood of 1844; and my two sisters, who were then at Kaskaskia, as scholars, went with the Sisters to St. Louis. I have always understood that the

1) For a detailed and interesting history of that, one of the earliest Catholic institutions at the West, see a learned lecture by the Rev. D. T. Doherty, of Kirkwood, Mo. It was delivered before the Mo. Hist. Soc'y of St. Louis, in the spring (?) of 1877, and reported in full in the St. Louis papers, and especially in the short-lived *Sunday Messenger*, whereof Mr. D. was the founder, and for several months the very able editor. Some members of the remarkable *Barber* family belonged to that Convent. The closing genealogy of that family is very interesting:

Grandfather *Daniel* in Minor Orders: his son *Virgil*, a learned priest of the Company of Jesus: Virgil's son, *Samuel*, a Jesuit Professed Father; his wife and three (?) of his daughters, Sisters Visitation B. V. M.

vest was lost in that removal, or intentionally thrown away by the Sisters [1]. *I have seen the old vest and handled it often* [reader, please note this]. This is about *all I can say* of what I know about the matter. I have often heard my mother say that the Jesuits at McSherrystown [Conewago], Pa., had some of the clothes [2] and other relics of the CLIP affair; and my impression is that she got the old vest from them [3]. My father died here [4] April, 1875. . . .

Respectfully yours,

JOHN B. PIET.

XVI. The following short note may discover another source of information, the more so that I have reason to believe that the Rev. Messieurs of St.

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1) I feel somewhat confident that this collection of documents will invite communications: unless my labors will be allowed to die away unheeded, in that general apathy under which every effort made to preserve records of Catholic history in the U. S. seems doomed to perish. For my part, after the booklet shall have put in its appearance before the public, I intend to pursue my researches. Some information may yet be gained from those ladies, or their friends.

2) V. Ven. Fr. Ender's Letter, No. VI.

3) Not so, but most probably from the McSherrys, if not from the Livingstons.

4) Often was I prompted to consult the venerable old gentleman (d. aet. 84), and severely did I reproach myself for my neglect at the news of his death.

Sulpice are very exact in keeping records. If the Rev. Messire Wheeler has gone to his reward, probably he has left a diary. Rt. Rev. Dr. Healy informed me that Rev. Dr. Deluol had taken with him to Paris many volumes of a MSS diary (what a mine of information it must needs be!); and the late lamented Dr. Dubreuil, when in his last visit to France, earnestly begged for it, at my suggestion, as property *de jure* belonging to St. Sulpice of Baltimore, but the Rev. Librarian of their house in Paris put him off, it seemed for a purpose, until the gentleman had to leave without it. Perhaps some one else more lucky may meet with better success, at least may be allowed to examine the precious pages, and make transcripts of what would add to our information *in subjecta materia*. Rev. Dr. Deluol came to this country in Sept., 1817, and left in Nov., 1849.

. Too great a pressure of duties prevented the writer of the letter from fulfilling his wish.

Boston Jan. 2, 1872.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

I will endeavor to write out some days hence what I heard of Wizard Clip, and perhaps it may save some labor, if I should repeat what I heard as related by Rev. Mr. Wheeler, an old Sulpician. . . .

Yours in Xt

James A. Healy.

XVII. *Rev. and Dear Sir*

. . . . . *Young children* could see the author of the voice; older people could not. So said the informant of

Yours truly

James A. Healy.

C.

I. VALUE SET ON THE MANIFESTATIONS OF MIDDLEWAY BY THE PRINCE REV. DEMETRIUS GALLITZIN.

II. THE PRINCE MISSIONARY PREFACES SOME HISTORICAL NOTES TO

III. THE LETTERS FROM ANASTASIA M'SHERRY TO HER BROTHER SAMUEL LILLY, ESQ.

I.

THE following transcript from one of Rev. Demetrius Gallitzin's works [1] is of great weight to prove the reality of the Wizard Clip. It shows the full belief and importance which the great missionary of the Allegheny attached to those *manifestations*. Yet he was a

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(1) "*A Letter to a Protestant Friend, on the* HOLY SCRIPTURES; or, The Written Word of God: being a continuation of the 'Defence of Catholic Principles,' in opposition to the 'Vindication of the Doctrines of the Reformation.' By Demetrius A. Gallitzin. Ebensburg: Thomas Foley, 1820." pp. xxiv and 150, 16mo.

The work has gone through several reprints, to our own day. Our extract is from pp. 144, seqq.

As no edition was published previous to 1820 (at least none, that I know, after careful research) we may infer from the beginning of the second paragraph that Livingston was still living at the date of printing the *Letter* (A. D. 1820.)

cautious man and very reserved in his opinions, rendered the more so by the fact that he lived *in medio generationis pravae.* He was surrounded by a community exceedingly bigoted, whereof the religious leaders watched every opportunity that might be available in ensnaring the good priest, either in doing something or speaking some words that would give a handle for disputations or ridicule. Now, it is a fact that, altho' the prince's book was made the source of much controversy, often very bitter, his opponents never dared to deny or impugn the existence of the Wizard of Middleway. In fact, that existence is adduced by the great Catholic controversialist as an instance or a proof of the supernatural power existing in the church. *Quid plura?*

Having commented on some assertions of the minister who had taken upon himself to demolish the arguments laid down by Rev. Mr. Gallitzin in the proper interpretation of the Scriptures, he continues: "You know my friend, from your minister's 'Vindication' what powers he *has not.* It would be worth your while to go to him and to ask him what power he *has?* I cannot imagine what his answer would be; for after having discarded all the different powers essentially necessary to enable the ministry of Christ to be of service to their flock, I do not see

any power left for him to claim, but a power that any lay person may claim as well, viz., the power of saying some prayers, and the power of reading a text of Scripture, and putting on it some sort of construction, either true or false, which even Satan is able to do. (Mat. iv. 6.)

"*I am acquainted* with a very respectable man, formerly a Protestant, whom this acknowledged want of power in his minister caused to forsake the pretended Reformation and, with his whole family, to embrace the Catholic Faith. For a considerable length of time he was persecuted and his property destroyed by the agency of evil spirits; the clothes belonging to him and his family were seen (by invisible hands) a cutting to pieces, stones were seen moving across the room (held by invisible hands), fire bursted repeatedly from out of their beds at broad day light, strange and frightful apparitions, and strange noises terrified them very often at night.

"The good old man reading in his Bible that Christ had given to his ministers power over evil spirits, started from home to Winchester in Virginia, and having, with tears in his eyes, related to his minister (parson S——t) the history of his distress, losses, and sufferings, begged of him to come to his house, and to exercise in his favor the power he had

received from Jesus Christ. The parson candidly confessed that he had no such power. The good old man insisted that he must have that power, for he found it in his Bible. The parson replied, that that power existed only in old times, but was done away now (see "Vindication" p. 125, lines 1—15). The old man, although living in this ENLIGHTENED AGE, had not sagacity enough to understand the distinction between *old* times and *new* times, but according to your minister's rule, believed nothing but what he found contained in his Bible. He therefore rationally concluded that parson S——t could not be a minister of Christ; and having left him, he applied to other persons calling themselves ministers of Christ, some of whom promised relief. They came, prayed, and read; but they prayed, and read in vain. finally, the old man, having (through the means of a respectable Catholic neighbor) obtained the assistance of a real minister of Christ, found the relief for which he had prayed so fervently; and soon after became a most edifying member of the Catholic Church.

"Your minister would laugh very heartily if you should relate to him the above facts; for with the wise men of this *enlightened age*, he has peremptorily decided that miracles, etc., etc., are no longer neces-

sary, and of course have ceased,—since when I did not learn; nor did I ever find any passage in Scripture, which authorizes the belief that miracles should ever cease altogether, or that Evil Spirits should never have it any more in their power to molest the bodies, and the property of men, as they used to do during the lifetime of our Saviour, and after His Resurrection (Acts. V, vi).

"Thousands of the most respectable, the most learned, the most holy of our Missionaries, in all the different parts of the globe, met with numberless instances of the kind, especially among infidels, and had as many opportunities of exercising in their favor the power which JESUS CHRIST granted his apostles over Evil Spirits (Matth. x, i), which power has descended to their successors."

The missionary Prince was born Dec. 22d, 1770. The following *dateless* Letter was perhaps written towards the close of the year 1838.

II.

Rev. D. A., with some remarks conveying his belief in the "Wizard Clip", prefaces Mrs. Anastasia McSherry's account:

1. To Mrs. Catherine C. Doll.

My very dear, and much respected child:

In obedience to your request, I send you copies of the two letters written by your dear mother, to your uncle Samuel Lilly, I think, in November 1796, or '97. If I may judge by my own feelings, I think you will be strongly affected by the reading of them.—O! how happy would I be, if I could go and see you, but my age (nearly 69), and my pecuniary embarrassments forbid. . . . .

Mr. Livingston removed from Virginia to Bedford county, Pennsylvania, about twenty miles from here [Loretto, Cambria Co.], where he died in the spring of 1820. I had Mass at his house repeatedly. He continued, to the last, very attentive to his duties, but did not receive the rites of the Church in his last sickness, which carried him off too quick to afford any chance of sending for a priest. His children are all scattered away, and I believe care very little for the Church.

I have a great number of your near relatives in my congregation, principally children and grand-children of Joseph Lilly, deceased, and your mother's brother; and I am sure if you could take the journey to this place, you would find yourself quite at home; and,

what would surprise you, in a Catholic country without any mixture of Protestants. Now, I have answered all your enquiries; I therefore conclude with assurances of the great respect and affection with which I remain, my very dear child and friend,

Your most humble servant & friend,

DEMETRIUS AUG. GALLITZIN.

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2. LORETTO, CAMBRIA Co., April 11, 1839. [1]

My Very Dear Child and Friend:

O! what pleasing recollections you recall to my memory! The happy days I spent in the family of Richard McSherry, and *his dear helpmate*, as the Voice [2] at Mr. Livingston's used to call her. Yes, my dearest child, in 1797, I think in September, I became acquainted with your dear parents, and very soon a most intimate friendship was formed—I remained in that part of the country, spending all my

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1) This second letter is copied also in the *Appendix* to A MEMOIR . . . of the Rev. Prince D. A. de Gallitzin . . . by Rev. Dr. Hayden (v. *supra*, p. 48), of Bedford, Pa. Balt.: J. Murphy, 1869—a very meagre production. The above letter is shorn of its last paragraph, instead of which, two paragraphs of the previous one have been dovetailed into it.

2) V. *Supra* H. S.'s Letter.

time either at their home or at Livingston's [1] from September until near Christmas, when I had to return to Conewago, then the place of my residence. My view in coming to Virginia, and remaining there three months, was to investigate those extraordinary facts at Livingston's, of which I had heard so much at Conewago, and which I could not prevail upon myself to believe; but I WAS SOON CONVERTED TO A FULL BELIEF of them. No lawyer in a court of justice did ever examine or cross examine witnesses more strictly than I did all those I could procure. I spent several days in penning down the whole account, which, on my return to Conewago, was read with great interest and handed about from one to another, till at last (when I wanted it back) it could not be found. In short, it was lost; and I have, unfortunately, neglected to take a copy of it, and now, after a lapse of 42 years, you can hardly expect that I could bring

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1) We copy from A MEMOIR, p. 198. Note: "A stream of water running near the former residence of the Livingstons is called to this day 'Clip Creek,' on account of . . . Some of the clipped blankets, or pieces of them, were kept, and shown at Conewago for a long time."

☞ "The Prince was by no means credulous. He was gifted with rare acumen. And, like all enlightened converts, came over to the Catholic Church only after the profoundest conviction, as his great sacrifices show." P. 199.

back to memory the whole *well connected* history of those surprising occurrences. I only remember detached facts, some of which may prove interesting to you. The first beginning of the business was a great destruction of property by clipping, burning, and removing, all done by invisible hands. After trying ministers in vain, old Mr. L. applied to a conjurer in the South Mountains, who promised to banish the evil spirit, if he, Livingston, would pay him a certain sum of money on the spot. L. very wisely refused paying him any thing beforehand, but promised him double the amount if he would perform the job. The conjurer would not agree. Poor L. went home much dejected in consequence of so many disappointments; and almost came to the conclusion that Christ had no longer any true ministers on earth, and that those who pretended to be such were a set of impostors. He was determined, henceforward, never to apply to any one of them calling themselves ministers of Christ. A Roman Catholic pedlar who happened to be one night at Livingston's, and who was much disturbed by the noise, which prevailed almost the whole night in the house, tried to persuade Livingston to send for a Roman Catholic priest, but Livingston answered quickly that he had tried so many of those fellows, he was not going to

try any more of them. Your worthy father, Richard McSherry, was the one who overcame Livingston's obstinacy, so far as to permit him to bring a priest to his (Livingston's) house. With a good deal of ado, Mr. McSherry prevailed upon the Rev. Dennis Cahill to attend at Livingston's. During his first visit, Mr. Cahill only said some prayers, and sprinkled the house with holy water. On his going away, having already one foot on the door sill, and the other inside yet, suddenly a sum of money which had disappeared from out the old man's chest was by invisible hands laid on the door sill, between the priest's feet; moreover, the house became quiet for several days. After awhile, the noise and destruction beginning again, Rev. Mr. Cahill paid them a second visit, celebrated Mass in the house, instructed them, took them into the church, and finally the work of destruction ceased.

Being one day at a tea-party in Martinsburg, an old Presbyterian lady, who was of the party, told the company that, having heard of the clipping that was going on at Livingston's, to satisfy her curiosity, she went to Livingston's house. However, before entering, she took her new black silk cap off her head, wrapped it up in her silk handkerchief, and put it in her pocket, to save it from being *clipt*. After

a while she stept out again, to go home, and having drawn the handkerchief out of her pocket and opened it, she found her cap cut up into narrow ribbons [1].

If any more circumstances should come to my recollection, I shall communicate them to you, hereafter.

I am in possession of two letters which your pious mother wrote to one of her brothers, I think to Samuel Lilly, and which contain some very interesting facts and advice, communicated by Livingston to your mother, at the command of the Voice. However, I have no doubt but the originals must have been carefully preserved among your family records, and must be familiar to you. If not, let me know, and you shall have a copy.

I remain respectfully and affectionately, my very dear child

Your very humble servant & friend,

Demetrius A. Gallitzin.

III.

Letters of Anastatia, consort of Richard McSherry, to her brother Samuel Lilly Esq.

1. *Dear Brother:*

Scarcely had my sister, Mrs Head, got three miles from this house, when Mr Livingston came, thinking

1) These two circumstances of *narrator* and *sufferer* add great weight to the testimony.

to find her here: he said the Spirit was talking all the night—meaning the last she slept here. He says the first [1] was a most glittering light, sometimes in one corner of the house, and then in the other, and in an instant the whole house was in so shining a light that he declared he could not look at it. It told him to go to Mr McSherry's helpmate, and tell her to be steadfast in prayer, for the Voice said that her parents were in great hopes of going to rest soon. It also told him to tell me and all my family to throw away all pride and vanity, and humble ourselves even unto the earth, as though we were in sack-cloth and ashes. The Spirit says, ruffles and fringes, flounces and tuckers, and "modesty pieces" [2], are all inventions of Satan. It forbade to cut and curl the hair, saying that our Lord came meek and lowly, and how could we, sinful worms of the earth, deck and adorn our sinful bodies?—Then, referring to what our Saviour suffered for us, and begging in the humblest manner to turn our hearts to the Lord, it told them that thousands were burning in hell for following the fashions of this world, that never, never, were to be relieved; saying also that we never would have heard one word of this, only for our

1) "Appearance," no doubt.

2) A strip of lace worn formerly over the bosom.

mother's prayers, calling her "the widow Mary Lilly." They say a plain hand and arm struck the old man Livingston on the arm, and vanished.

ANASTASIA MCSHERRY.

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2. *Dear Brother:*

. . . . I heard no more of it, until the 3d of November. The second night of the same month, the Spirit came with these sweet tidings: that on the 12th hour, the 2d of November, an angel carried their [1] souls into Paradise, rejoicing with the holy angels before the throne of Mercy, saying "Come! ye blessed of my Father, and possess the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of time!" that their being so worldly was the very reason that they were so long in punishment! They very much lamented their children being so worldly and so full of worldly grandeur. Our poor brother John was very much lamented. The Voice called him "my son," saying that they sent him to the college to become a minister of Jesus Christ, and that he had become a

1) Notwithstanding some hints in No. XIII, it is somewhat difficult to say *for certain* to whom this referred. Yet it seems to refer to the children, brothers of John, who died a *sudden* death. V. *Supra.*

blasphemer, saying that he did not believe in the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament—that the Church had not the power to forgive sins:—should he die in that unhappy state of mind, he would open his eyes in the raging flames below, among the damned: then our prayers and good works would be of no relief to him. The Voice says our prayers can help him *now*, and that we should be as earnest for him as we were [had been?] for our parents. It has commanded us to go on our knees to him, and say "In the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, why will you not believe that there is a God, and that nothing is hard or impossible to Him, and that it is as easy for Him to give His precious Body and Blood as to give a cup of water," etc., etc.

ANASTATIA MCSHERRY.

D.

SUNDRY ACCOUNTS OF THE WIZARD CLIP, CONTRIBUTED TO JOURNALS OF THE HIGHEST RESPECTABILITY BY MEN WHO IN THEIR VERY STYLE OF WRITING CONVEY THEIR UNQUALIFIED BELIEF IN THE HISTORY OF THE CLIP.

I. Jedediah Vincent Huntington, formerly a Protestant Episcopal Minister, and latterly editor of *The Leader*, St. Louis, Mo.

II. Rev. Louis Obermeyer, Pastor St. Vincent's Church, Baltimore, Md., latterly Professor in Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., where he died. His account appeared in *The Catholic Mirror*.

III. Rev. Charles I. White, D.D. late of St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C.

(It is remarkable how the different manner in which these writers narrate what transpired at the Clip conveys at once their unqualified belief, and ready assent.)

I.

MR. J. V. HUNTINGTON'S is a name[1] well known to literary men on both sides of the ocean. His works of fiction have been deservedly appreciated for their elegance of style and admirable portraiture of nature. He might be called the Alessandro Mansoni of the United States. But his name holds an honorable place also among Journalists. For, besides editing for some time the *Metropolitan*, a Catholic monthly of great worth published in Baltimore, he started and edited THE LEADER, a very interesting Catholic weekly in quarto form, published in St. Louis during the years 1854, 5, and 6, in all, two

1) Jedediah Vincent H. was born in New York, Jan. 20, 1815, and died in Pau, in the South of France, March 10, 1862. He held a chair of philosophy in St. Paul's College, near Flushing, L. I.—Ordained minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church, in 1841, he occupied the pulpit of one of their meeting-houses in Middleburg, Vt.—After a prolonged sojourn in Europe (1846–49), he became a sincere and devoted convert to the Catholic Church, in 1849.—Besides a volume of poetry (1842), which I have not seen, he published at different intervals several novels, to wit: Lady Alice (1849); Alban; The Forest (1852); Rosemary (1860). His amiable and highly educated wife survives him to this day. His brother Daniel, a painter of singular merit, was President of the National Academy of Design, elected in 1862. I think he is still living.

volumes, I believe. In No. 13, vol. II. Dec. 1, 1855, he makes allusion to a passage of his "Alban" (a Tale of the New World. N. Y. C. P. Putnam, 1851), in the following words:—

"A good many persons probably have heard of the Ghost of Wizard Clip, in Virginia, whose operations, nearly sixty years ago, anticipated the Stratford spiritual manifestations, and the knockings that wait on the Misses Fox, of Rochester. In these days of Spiritualism, it will not be uninteresting to recur to this singular occurrence, a brief allusion to which is found in the writings of the Rev. Prince Gallitzin, the Pastor of the Alleghanies. We feel peculiarly bound to make public what we know on this extraordinary subject, on account of the attacks made by the literary press upon the novel of 'Alban' some years ago, on the score of the *Fourth Book*, in which we introduced some of the facts to which Prince Gallitzin testifies. The readers of 'Alban' are aware that it describes in that portion a haunted house, and various diabolical performances therein, which were quieted by the exorcisms of a Catholic priest, but few are aware that these circumstances are all taken from real history.

"The House of Wizard Clip is at Cliptown, Virginia, which is near Martinsburg. It is a substan-

tial, actual locality in this lower world, and particularly the Anglo-American part of it; it has a local legend as wild and supernatural as any that lingers around the old baronial halls of Ireland or Scotland. The owner of the dwelling at the time of the visitation, in the close of the last century, was named Livingston, and his near neighbor was a McSherry, ancestor of the distinguished family of that name in Maryland, and who was then already a Catholic.

"It is some years since numerous details of the affair were related to us by the Rev. Dr.——, President of —— College, and we are not sure that we recollect them perfectly. A few circumstances are imprinted deeply on our memory. One of these was the existence (at Conewago, we think), at a recent date, of a number of physical evidences of the reality of the clippings and other phenomena, at the house of Mr Livingston—such as a boot, which, as it stood upon the floor, seemed whole and entire, but lifted by the top, depended in a long spiral slip, a state to which it had been brought in an instant, when on the leg of the wearer, by invisible hands. Another object was a lady's shawl, bearing the imprint of a spectral hand, laid on her shoulder to convince her of the reality of the visitation. We remember that some circumstances were mentioned by Dr. ——, which are not spoken of by Prince Gallitzin, such as

the chickens' heads and legs dropping off at Wizard Clip during the visitation. Some one also related that an Episcopal Minister (as at Carmel in 'Alban,') attempted an exorcism, and was famously abused by the scornful spirit, so that the prayer-book he used was found subsequently in one of the rooms, in a place which indicated no great respect for 'our admirable liturgy' on the part of the ghost. It was also positively stated that after the exorcism, the Spirit used to call the family together, and say, 'Come, take your seats'—and then would teach them the Roman Catechism, so that, when the priest afterwards came to admit them into the Church, he found them perfectly instructed, without a book or a living teacher, by the instruction of a Departed Soul, as it claimed to be. It is still the universal tradition of the place, that the house at Wizard Clip was once haunted, and that the Ghost was laid by a Catholic priest [1].

"The late Col. B. U. Campbell, so well known for his love of historical studies, as well as for his valuable contributions to historical literature [2], was anx-

1) Tradition is one of the main proofs of history.

2) See his admirable papers contributed to the pages of *The United States Catholic Magazine*, Baltimore, 1844, Vol. iii, pp. 662 *et seqq.*, bearing on the Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll.

ious to obtain possession of sufficient facts connected with the Cliptown Ghost, to found a complete narrative: but he was not successful. He obtained, however, copies of certain Letters written long after by Prince Gallitzin, in which the affair is more fully spoken of than in his published [1] works, where it is only alluded to incidentally. These letters Col. Campbell was so kind as to place at our disposal, and we also have long hoped to obtain such additional information as would enable us to complete the history of the affair; but having so far failed in that, at the request of our esteemed friend and contributor, Mr. De Courcy, we have concluded to publish the letters themselves as documents, hoping that their appearance may induce others, who possess any information on the subject, to communicate it, either to us or to him [2].

"The following, then, are the letters given to us by Col. Campbell, together with the Letter [3] of the

1) The Letters are given *supra* in Division C.

2) Exactly the very motive that has prompted the collector and publisher of these documents.

3) The letter alluded to is the following. The reverend gentleman who wrote it, brother to Rev. Timothy O'Brien, a pioneer priest of Richmond, Va., after many years of zealous work in Martinsburg, went to Lowell, Mass., where he built a grand granite church, opened schools, and passed to his eternal reward,

gentleman from whom he, in his turn, obtained them. On the back of the Letters is written in Col. C's handwriting—

'1844
'Account of the Cliptown,
'or, WIZARD CLIP Affair.'"

II.

Surely, according to all accepted rules of credibility we must at least feel disposed to believe in the existence of facts to which assent has been given by men whose judgment and opinions have been held in universal esteem. Such an one was the Rev. Louis Obermeyer, Baltimore. He had heard of the occurrences at Cliptown long, long ago. Then he obtained the narrative from Georgetown, to place persons and

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by a sudden death, on All Saints' Eve, the year 1874. His brother and co-laborer in the same city died several years before him:

MARTINSBURG, VA., May 26, 1844.

My Dear Sir—When I promised you these papers, I thought they were much more interesting than they are. I fear they will be of little or no use. I have learned from Dr. McSherry that a detailed account of the whole matter was at Georgetown College. I have been absent from home since my return, which will account for my apparent neglect. I am, my dear Sir, very respectfully, Your obedient and humble servant,

JOHN O'BRIEN.

Bernard U. Campbell, Esq.

circumstances. With the Manuscript before him, and his own private knowledge of what had taken place, he weaves his simple and straightforward narrative.

Here we present it to our reader, faithfully copied for this purpose by a courteous clerk attached to the House of Messsrs. Kelly, Piet & Co.

Having reached so far with my copy, I learn that the reverend gentleman was at the time of his writing the history of Clip, chief editor of the *Catholic Mirror*. Now, only men of superior abilities are chosen to fill such a post of honor and trust, and a gentleman of Mr. Obermeyer's character would not certainly jeopardize both his reputation and the standing of such a paper as the *Catholic Mirror* by laying before his readers a narrative of events in which he did not believe. Absurd!

"THE CLIPTOWN SPIRIT.

"Cliptown is situated in Jefferson Co., Virginia, near Martinsburg. About the close of the last century a certain Mr. Livingston occupied a house there and followed the business of farming. Preternatural occurrences at his house greatly alarmed him. Among other things garments of different kinds in the house or worn by visitors were clipped all over by some invisible hand into semi-circular figures an inch or two long, from which, the place which had before

been known as Smithfield, took the name of Cliptown. In the *Catholic Mirror* of January 5th, 1856, there is some account of this extraordinary affair, consisting of—1. A Statement by Dr. J. V. Huntington, then editor of the St. Louis *Leader*, of what he had heard from respectable sources; 2. Of two letters from Prince Gallitzin, who in 1797, whilst officiating as a missionary priest at Conawago and other places, visited Virginia and remained three months in the neighborhood of Cliptown for the purpose of investigating this curious matter; 3. Of two letters from Mrs. Anastasia McSherry, a then living witness, to her brother Saml. Lilly, recounting some of the facts in the case.

"Since that time the following document has come under our notice, and was given to us for publication by the surviving relations of Mrs. McSherry. We feel confident all will take a deep interest in this narrative of an event which at the time of its occurrence was the wonder of the day, though since that the satanic operations of Spiritism have somewhat familiarized us with preternatural doings.

"STATEMENT

Made by Mrs. Anastasia McSherry to her children at Retirement Farm, Jefferson Co., Virginia, respecting the strange things that happened to Mr. Living-

ston, and which was heard and written down by one of her daughters.

"This Mr. Livingston lived in Pennsylvania, was a Lutheran, an honest and industrious man, and had a handsome property. His property began to decrease in a variety of ways—his barn was burned, and his horses and cattle died. His losses continuing, he left Pennsylvania and came to Smithfield, Jefferson Co., Virginia, where he had as much trouble, and more, as his horses and cattle died and his clothes were cut to pieces. They were frequently alarmed by noises in the house, like horses galloping around. Their clothes were burned, their money taken away, and a great variety of strange things happened, until they determined to get some one to come and lay the Devil. They tried conjurors, preachers, &c., to no purpose. At last Mr. L. had a dream; he thought he was climbing a high mountain, had great difficulty to get up, had labored hard, by catching at roots and bushes. When he reached the top, he saw a minister, in robes, as he termed it; and after looking at the minister for a minute, he heard a Voice say: 'That is the man who can relieve you.' His wife heard him groaning in his sleep, and called him. He then told her his dream, and said he did not know what kind of a minister it was, but that he would inquire.

"Early in the morning he started off and traveled to Shepherdstown. There he heard from some one that it was a Catholic Priest that he was looking for, as they were the only ones that dressed that way. He was then directed to go to Mr. McSherry's near Leetown, where he might find one. Late in the evening of the same day, Mrs. McSherry saw this man coming up to the house. She met him at the gate, and when he told her he wanted to see the priest, she said there was no priest at their house then, but there would be church in Shepherdstown the next Sunday, where he would see one. Mr. and Mrs. McSherry went to church on the next Sunday, and found Mr. Livingston there, and as soon as the priest came out to the altar, Mr. Livingston was so much overcome that he wept bitterly, and said: 'This is the very man I saw in my dream—this is the one to relieve me.' When Mass was over he went to talk to the priest, and told him his sad story. But the priest only laughed at him, and told him that it was his neighbors plaguing him, and that he must go home and watch for them. Mr. Richard McSherry and Mr. Minghini were present, and they were moved by the tears of the old man, which made them beg Mr. Cahill, the priest, to listen to his story and comfort him. After a great deal of persuasion, Mr.

Cahill went to Mr. Livingston's house, talked to them all, and found every one telling the same sad story. He then sprinkled the house with holy water. Before he left, a sum of money that had been taken away was lying in the door. After he had said Mass in the house, the work of destruction ceased. Mr. Cahill visited them often and received some of them in the Church, there being a good many of the children young.

"Mr. Livingston's family frequently saw a brilliant light at night, and heard a Voice speaking, which made them get up and pray. The voice would join in the prayers, and it would instruct them how to pray, by telling them that the Blessed Virgin had a great deal of power and would do a great deal for poor sinners, and that they must say: 'Holy, Holy, Holy Mary Mother of God, pray for us.' Again the voice explained the Mass to them, and said that one Mass was more acceptable to Almighty God than if the whole world were in sackcloth and ashes—that it was a God offered to God. On one occasion, Mr. Livingston and family were all assembled in a room. They saw a man in the midst of them, and supposed him to be a beggar, as he was badly dressed and barefooted. The day being very cold and inclement, Mr. Livingston offered him a pair of shoes and some

clothes; but the man refused them, saying that he did not want them; shoes were not worn where he came from. After staying some time talking and instructing them in Catholic doctrine he told them that Luther and Calvin were lost, and that every soul that was lost through their fault added to their sufferings. When he left the house, Mr. Livingston's family thought they would see where he went, as they had not seen him coming in. They saw him go down into a lot in front of the house, and there disappear. Mr. Livingston and family were told to pray for the dead. The Voice would say: 'I want prayers.' One day when he was at work in the field with his sons, he was taken ill, and his sons going to him, he told them he had heard a scream from a soul that wanted prayers in purgatory, and that he was unable to get home. They helped him home, and said that their father was drawn double from fright. He himself often said that he could never forget that shriek; it was so dreadful. Mr. Livingston lived about four miles from Mr. McSherry in or near a little village called Smithfield, and went very often to Mr. McSherry's to talk to them, as they were Catholics, and very few others in the neighborhood. Mr. Livingston would go there sometimes and say that he had been sent by the Voice to tell them certain

things. On one occasion, he came early in the morning and told Mrs. McSherry that her sister, Mrs. Spaulding, had died that night in Baltimore, about twelve o'clock, and that she must have Masses said for her. At that time the mail came only once a week, and the next mail brought a letter, saying that she had died at that very hour. There were many things communicated to Mr. McSherry's family through Mr. Livingston's family. They would bring messages from the Voice to the McSherrys.

"There was a Protestant lady very sick, who married a Catholic, an Italian, who kept a boarding house at the Sulphur Springs. The Voice sent him word to send for a priest, which he refused to do, saying she could get her own preacher, as he would have to send forty or fifty miles for a priest. Mrs. McSherry went to see this lady and found her well disposed and anxious to do what was right. She repeated an act of contrition after Mrs. McSherry, and seemed very penitent. Mrs. McSherry left and went home, and during the night she dreamed that she saw a little puny child sitting by an immense rock, and with a little stick in its hand it struck the rock, and in an instant it all melted away. She said the dream made an impression on her, and in the morning she thought of it again, but said nothing about

it, as she supposed it was only a dream. But in a short time Mrs. L. came and told her that she had had a vision, and Mrs. Minghini—that was the lady's name—was dead, and was saved by that act of contrition; and the little child which she saw in her vision, was a representation of it. Her sins were melted away just as the rock was from the touch of the child. Mr. L.'s eldest daughter Eve, became a very pious and devoted Catholic, but some of his family never became Catholics. Mrs. Livingston, step-mother to these children, said that she would not believe, and never did, as far as I have heard. Eve went to a Protestant meeting once after she became a Catholic. Whilst she was there, she shed tears because she saw so many persons led astray, not knowing anything of the Catholic Church. The Voice said that she had committed a great sin, as the people thought she was affected by what she heard, they not knowing her thoughts. It disapproved very much of going to Protestant meetings. There was a messenger sent to 'Retirement' for a priest to go and see a sick woman. The priest's horse was generally kept near the house, in a little field called the 'Spring pasture.' Immediately the horse was sent for, but it could not be found anywhere. Mr. McSherry sent out for one of his own horses, which

detained the priest for some time; but before he had gotten many miles off the priest's horse (Old Bull, as they called him,) was seen on the hill in front of the house, and had not been out of the pasture. The Voice said the horse was there, but was made invisible, because this woman put off her conversion until her last moments, and that she was dead when the priest arrived. These things I have heard from Mrs. McSherry, and I have heard many things since, but as she never told them to me, of course I do not know whether they are true or false. She had eighty Masses said for her sister, and had the happiness to hear she was in Heaven; and also that her parents were there. She often told her children how pious her parents and sister were. Mr. L. said the Voice told him that many persons would not believe these things, and that even some priests would laugh and not believe, and that when he discovered this, not to tell them, but to cease talking and not try to convince them. Mr. L. left Smithfield and moved to Pennsylvania. He left forty acres of land, with a small house on it, for the use of the Church; and the Voice said that before the end of time, it would be a great place of prayer and fasting."

III.

Only a little more than one decade, and a whole century shall have passed since the spirit whisperings of mysterious occurrences at Middleway began to be bruited far and near. Barring some procacious sneers from the vain and the profane, a solemn denial, based on conviction and prompted by examination, has never been given. Throughout well nigh four score years and ten, and the running of three or four generations, these unchanged traditions have never ceased to exist, and, altho' not ranging very far and wide, yet, like the authority of some weighty sage of the Middle Ages known and sworn by only in the schools, wherever they have been known they have been believed, not merely by the weak and the ignorant, but by the educated and best enlightened classes.

Will the conscientious student of history take no account of this traditional fact? Then one of the strongest canons and criterions in history is taken from under all structure upon which Truth poises itself. Indeed, it cannot be alleged against us, that in believing the manifestations of Cliptown *Incompertam et vulgariam traditionem rei non exploratæ secuti simus* (Gell. xiii, 22 *med*). For, the proofs have been well sifted, and the events are marked

with every imprint of collateral evidence, and the consequences have been freighted with the best results both material and spiritual.

One more witness I shall here produce in regular and chronical series of time.

Charles I. White, D.D., lately called to receive the reward of a long and faithful stewardship [1], was a man of profound learning, not to mention his scrupulous integrity. A hard student, he never swore on the words of others, but studied historical questions with the aid of a clear intellect and a well balanced mind. From the knowledge I have had of him during an acquaintance of more than thirty years duration, I have no fear to assert that, had he not believed it, he would not have penned and transmitted to posterity the following account of events,

1) Rev. Charles Ignatius White, D.D., was born in Baltimore, February 1, 1807; died in Washington, pastor of St. Matthew's Church, April 1, 1878, aet. 72; the oldest *secular* priest of the venerable Archdiocese of Baltimore, having been ordained in Notre Dame, Paris, June 5, 1830, by the martyred Archbishop Du Quelen. The surviving senior priest in the Archdiocese is Father Thomas Finigan, S.J., ordained by Archbishop Marechal, September 25, 1827. Dr. White had presided over the Mission of St. Matthew since November, 1857. For an account of the literary labors in which Dr. White has so well deserved of the Church in the United States, *vide* Baltimore *Catholic Mirror*, under dates of April 6 and 13, 1878.

in the occurrence whereof he acknowledged the traits of a supernatural economy.

Although the work, which contains his account of Cliptown is of easy access, I would deem this, my collection of Documents, incomplete did I not close them with its insertion in these pages.

To the admirable *History of the Church* by Darras, published by P. O'Shea (New York, 1865), an Appendix has been added, prepared by the lamented Reverend Doctor, and giving a succinct account of the Origin and Progress of the Church in these United States. Miracles have not been wanting in her primitive days for a proof of the abiding presence of God in her midst. After having alluded to them, in the above mentioned *Appendix*, our historiographer thus (Vol. iv, p. 645) dwells on the

"SUPERNATURAL EVENTS OF THE CLIP.

"While miracles of this kind attested the truth of Catholic doctrine, other supernatural events had many years previously been permitted by the Almighty within the present limits of the United States, which are worthy of record, inasmuch as they tend to confirm and illustrate the famous saying of St. Thomas Aquinas, that God would send an

angel, if necessary, to instruct in the faith those who sincerely seek after it by making a right use of the gifts of nature. The grounds on which this opinion of the angelical Doctor was based were not of a purely speculative nature. It rested equally upon the experience of the Christian Church; and it is a source of gratification to know that this experimental evidence has been witnessed in this country, as in other parts of the world. About the commencement of the present century [1], there lived in Jefferson county, Virginia, a man named Adam Livingston, a Pennsylvanian by birth, and a Lutheran in religion. A short time after his settlement in Virginia, he was much disturbed by invisible beings that haunted his house. His property was destroyed, his barn was burnt, his cattle all died, his clothes were cut in pieces. Chunks of fire were thrown or thrust into the beds, the crockery ware was scattered upon the floor, and (what was more astonishing,) articles of clothing were cut in the form of a half-moon, while boots, saddles, and other things were all demolished in the same way. Three men came from Winchester, in order to free the house from its annoyances; but they no sooner entered it, than a huge stone was

1) Or, rather toward the close of the last—as it is well proven from the letters of Prince Gallitzin, *et al.*

seen to issue from the fireplace, and whirl round upon the floor for more than fifteen minutes, when the gentlemen sneaked away. Livingston applied also to three conjurers, who gave him some herbs, a book (Common Prayer), and a riddle, by way of catching the devil; but the first night, the book and herbs were in a very ignominious piece of chamber-furniture, which was covered with the riddle. After some time, Mr. Livingston had a dream: he seemed to be climbing a high mountain with great difficulty, catching at roots and bushes to effect the ascent; and, after reaching the summit, he saw a man dressed in a peculiar costume [2], and heard a voice saying to him 'That is the man who can relieve you.' He immediately enquired about the neighborhood, to ascertain what kind of man this could be; and having been informed that Catholic priests wore the sort of dress which he had seen, and that one of them would officiate on the following Sunday at Shepherdstown, he determined to be there on that day. As soon as the priest came to the altar, for the celebration of Mass, Mr. L. was so much overcome that he burst into tears, and said, 'That is the very man whom I saw in my dream—that is the one to relieve me.' The service ended, Livingston related

2) Dr. White depends for items on other sources besides those to be found in this book.

his sad story to the clergyman, the Rev. Dennis Cahill, who at first looked upon it as a mere delusion ; but having been persuaded to visit the residence of the Livingston family, and after investigating the matter, he sprinkled the premises with Holy Water : before he left, a sum of money which had been taken away, was found at the door. He afterwards celebrated Mass in the house, when the work of destruction ceased. Mr. Livingston joined the Catholic Church, and after this event he and his family were frequently favored with the visits of an invisible person, whose voice instructed them in different points of Catholic doctrine and practice, recited the rosary with them and exhorted them to prayer and penitential works. Fourteen persons were converted to the true faith in one season by these extraordinary revelations, while Catholics themselves were inspired with more religious sentiments. Mr. Livingston afterward removed to Loretto, in Pennsylvania, and some of his family are said to have died in the odor of sanctity [1]."

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1) The *History of Nicola Aubry*, edited by Rev. N. Müller, C.SS.R., (Baltimore: Kreuzer Bros., 1872), will be read with great interest, as containing many facts of a like bearing (pp. 13, 14 and 15) with those in the history of Livingston. The reader is advised to read it, as it will help him to understand the working of such supernatural agencies.

The question must have often risen in the mind of the reader, "What are we to think of all this?—is it a fancy? an illusion? a sensation?"

Surely, it cannot be. Are we not told in Holy Writ that the Eternal Wisdom's *delights* are *to be with the children of man.* That wisdom (Prov. viii, 31) *plays* in the world. But his ways are not our ways. God choses means to manifest His divine will (Heb. i, 1) far above our comprehension.

Nay, the Evil Spirit will even dare to counterfeit the designs of an Infinite Wisdom. But man shall not be deceived, unless he choses so to be deceived. The Evil One will not lead you by his devices to do what may prove inimical to the wicked interests of his kingdom of darkness. Hence man can always discover his aims by the prints of his cloven feet and the wagging of the bifurcated tail.

But God's dealings with man will always lead to things for His greater glory and for the welfare of His children. What evil has come from some of the manifestations of the *Clip?* Suppose the clipping and the rocking in the cradle were the work of the Evil One, did not the Good Spirit come to the rescue at once, and with the gifts of faith, which are above all gifts, compensate temporal losses of so little consequence?

Let us take facts as they are, and dare not to be too inquisitive. The Narrative of the *Clip* is for edification, it draws our heart near to God, it teaches lessons of supernatural wisdom. With uncovered head, then, unsandalled feet, and humble brow, we approach the spot, and reverently exclaim—

The Finger of God is here!

Thus did Adam Livingston act, and so did all those behave, who, like him received and prized the teachings and promptings of Faith.

Herein lieth the beauty of the *Story*. God employs tools of His own choice and of His own making to work out results whereof the providential and benevolent results, in their mysterious development, are not explicable by our short sighted intelligence.—It may be called a *Tradition:* yet it is not: it is an historical contemporary fact. It has happened within the memory of our generation. There is no room for the least apprehension that those who relate its circumstances were or are fanatics, or interested in putting up a *case* or creating a *sensation*. Nothing farther from the truth; Livingston was a reserved *retiring* man. Did he wish to create a sensation, to attract notoriety, or to speculate, he might write a pamphlet and trumpet the affair so as to raise an excitement: but nothing of the kind. He

went down to his grave in obscurity and silence. He deposited some of the *clipped* articles at the Missionary House of Conewago, Pa., and then, he went his way, rejoiced and satisfied, to his ordinary avocations [1].

What a grand opportunity for him to turn a penny by pamphleteering or lecturing! No. That Faith which the Holy Spirit through the Priest of God's Church had brought him, taught him other ways from the ways of the world. *It is good to hide the secret of the king*, is his motto, whilst I was told that *It is honorable to reveal and confess the works of God* (Tobias xl, vii).

Alas! would I had done my task with as much diligence, quickness, and discretion, as Livingston used firmness and perseverance!

But the task is done, the work is over. Such as it is, farewell, dear Reader.

Yet, stay: one word more.

Take the mass of information I have laid before you, and—judge on the face of its evidence.

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1) Fr. Demetrius Gallitzin, and a host of men and women, believed in the *Clip*. What motive could *they* have to endorse it unless they believed it?

APPENDIX A.

FROM ITS GREAT IMPORTANCE, I CANNOT LOOK UPON IT BUT AS A TOKEN OF *APPROVING* PROVIDENCE, THAT THE CONTENTS OF THIS APPENDIX SHOULD HAVE COME TO HAND AFTER I HAD COMPLETED MY LABORS.

THE following papers were entrusted to my care by John Gilmary Shea, LL.D., whilst I was enjoying a really *home* hospitality at his house in Elizabeth, N. J., and after the foregoing pages had been all arranged for the press.

Mr. Shea, with that disinterestedness which I have experienced during a close friendship of a quarter of a century, as a distinguished trait in his character, not only warmly encouraged the publication of the documents in the form established, but consented to whatever use I might think fit to make of the papers in his possession.

The letter from the pen of the venerable Rev. John McCaffrey, D.D., for so many years the Presi-

dent of St. Mary's, Emmittsburg, Md., I consider as one of the greatest value. The simple perusal of it will convince the reader of the truth of my assertion. It may be considered as non-committal: but the opinions of the men therein quoted, evidently endorsed by the writer, cannot fail to impress the reader with the truth of what we have stated *in corpore*. To whom the letter was addressed it is unnecessary that we should know. Enough for our purpose to know that it is from Doctor McCaffrey. I transcribe it in its entirety, and from the original autograph.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

December 11, 1855.

Dear Sir,

A month has elapsed since I received your letter of enquiry respecting the history of "Wizard Clip." My numerous and pressing duties, together with the hope of seeing a friend who could give me some more definite information than I possess, have prevented an earlier reply.

All my knowledge about the ghost of Cliptown, or "Wizard Clip," as I have heard it always named, is at second hand, picked up in casual conversations

at long intervals, and therefore neither perfectly accurate, nor precise enough to be of use to the historian [1].

The first man from whom I learned any thing *clear* and *certain* [2], was the Rev. John B. Gildea [3], who some twenty odd years ago was pastor of Martinsburg, Va., and built the church at Harper's Ferry, and afterwards founded the church and Orphan Asylum of St. Vincent, Baltimore, where he died. He was intimate as pastor with the McSherry family and all their connexions, and was a *firm believer in the whole story.*

Rev. George Flaut [4], now pastor of Piscataway in this State, was also for some years a Missionary in the same part of Virginia, knew the same persons, and gave the same testimony, *which he will confirm if called upon.* These two clergymen were, like myself, brought up in Emmitsburg, educated entirely at Mt. St. Mary's College, and my intimate friends

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1) Yes; if we had no parallel documents. But the importance of this letter lies chiefly in the quoted opinions.

2) The *italics* are mine. The reader's attention is called to the words *italicised.*

3) Died Feb. 18, 1845, aet. 41, universally esteemed.

4) Died June 8, 1859, aet. 64, assistant to Rev. Leonard Obermeyer of St. Vincent's, Balt.

through life. More truthful and better men I have never known and never expect to know.

Fr. Thomas Mulledy [1], now Pres't of Worcester College, Mass., has related to me what he knows of the affair. He is a native of W. Virginia, and has *repeatedly visited the scene of those wonderful events.*

In the book-store of John Murphy, Balt., is a young Mr. Piet [2], a clerk, I think in the business, whose mother was a daughter of the Mrs. McSherry of the legend [3], and a sister of the late Fr. McSherry [4]. There is also in Baltimore a Dr. Richard McSherry [5] of the same family, a good Catholic, and a respectable physician.

The father of the young Mr. Piet, to whom I have referred, has in conversation with me *corroborated the substance* of the legend, telling me that his wife talked so much about it as to make it a most tiresome theme.

Dr. Huntingdon, in a late number of the *Leader*

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1) V. *Supra*, Notes to Br. Moberly's narrative.

2) Piet. V. His Letter *supra* p. 78.

3) *Legend* is not the word, except inasmuch as there are so many marvelous occurrences in the *history* of the "*Clip.*"

4) Very Rev. Wm. McSherry, Provincial of the Company of Jesus in Maryland, and President of Georgetown College. Died December 17, 1839.

5) The highly esteemed Doctor's Letter at p. 29.

has repeated the substance of *what I told him* [1]. I have heard of these things since I was a child, but never knew the dates or sought precise information. I never saw Prince Gallitzin's letters, though I had heard of them before their publication in the *Leader*.

All the accounts I have heard concurred in giving as the first phenomenon the destruction of chickens, &c., by the cutting off of their heads by some invisible process: then clipping of all wearing apparel into shreds, on the backs of the wearers, in their pockets, in drawers and trunks even under lock and key, was spoken of as the regular and most frequent *preternatural fact*.

Mr. Livingston, they told me, was at last shown in a dream or vision the man who could relieve him, strangely attired. He afterwards came accidentally to the house in which Father Cahill was saying Mass, and instantly recognized in the vested priest at the altar the person of his dream. He had never seen a priest vested before. Fr. Cahill, on his second visit, exorcised the place—his first was brief, on account of a pressing distant sick-call [2].

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1) The fact of the Doctor communicating the facts to a *journalist* has great weight in the forming of an opinion.

2) It is remarkable, and well worth being pondered on, how accurately these details, at random heard in casual conversation, agree with the carefully given accounts.

The Livingston family were summoned by a "Voice" to take seats for catechism, and then taught, question and answer, the little Catechism, from "Who made you," to the end, without book or any visible agency.

They were all admitted into the Church, except one member, an old aunt, who was stubborn to the last. The "Voice" warned her of her impending death, and designated the room in which she was to die. She avoided ever stopping in that room; when sick, she went to a neighboring house; recovered enough to come back, entered the room for an instant, and dropped dead there.

Old Mrs. McSherry was often instructed by the "Voice" to instruct and aid the Livingston's, and received communications about her own family. Some she was now at liberty to reveal.

Mr. Gallitzin took from "Wizard Clip" to Conewago a trunk full of articles clipped by the ghost, a book among the rest, described correctly by Mr. Huntingdon, and a new shawl or some other cloth with the print of a hand burned through it by the spirit. Father Mulledy, when a Scholastic at Conewago, saw and handled those articles.

Mr. Flaut told me, the opinion which he formed or took from others was that a soul in purgatory was the agent and "Voice" in question.

I do not know where or how I heard, that a poor Irish traveller was taken in and nursed kindly by the Livingstons until he died, they refusing, however, to send for a priest; *some time after which the clippings began.*

The noise of *clipping*, as if of scissors, was heard during the cutting.

Fr. Thomas Mulledy, within the last five or six years, stopped at the little place called "Wizard's Clip," to rest himself and horse. He was so dressed [1] as to give no clue to his religious creed or character. He asked the landlord, a Protestant, why the place was so named, heard the true outlines of the legend, inquired whether his informant believed it all, and was assured that not only he, but ALL THE OLDER INHABITANTS KNEW IT TO BE TRUE. They are all or nearly all Protestants.

Thus, my dear Sir, I have given you, most hastily and imperfectly, the little that I can say about this marvellous affair. I have indicated, however, the living persons from whom you may learn more. I should be glad to afford you more information, if I had it. Your efforts to preserve the traditions and

1) Most probably in one of those occasions when, to escape the mitre, he exiled himself, and under the garb of a common laborer lay hidden in the neighborhood of his father's house.

collect the scattered fragments on Church history certainly deserve encouragement and entitle you to the gratitude of all good Catholics.

I thank you . . .

Very Respectfully and Truly
Your Most Obed't Serv't
JOHN MCCAFFREY.

The reader cannot help being impressed with the strength of proofs suggested in the above communication. But here I may be allowed a remark. The venerable President advises a reference to the then living witnesses. Alas! the advice was neglected. But I shall not condemn the gentleman to whom the letter is addressed. He is overwhelmed with work in service of the Church, of history and of literature. I blame myself. The plea of many other duties does not excuse me from the lack of diligence in gathering more documents bearing on the "Wizard Clip." Within the last six or eight years many have passed away who might have supplied additional documents. But here is the place to repeat what I have said in many other occasions. In our community not the least encouragement is given to those who have the talent and the will to work in Catholic historical pursuits. Many a time I have

heard the lamented and great Archbishop Bayley playfully animadvert on the discourteous apathy of certain parties when he was engaged in writing the life of the sainted Bruté. And I know of one writer who in giving to the public the results of his labors for twenty-five years in collecting and treasuring the oldest records of American Catholic Literature, was subjected to the loss of twelve hundred and more dollars, despite the most flattering encouragement *on paper*, and the most liberal offers of support, the which all came to naught when there was every reason to expect a generous welcome. Just think of this one fact. A Rev. gentleman subscribes to the work, receives the volume, cuts its leaves, reads it, and then returns it to the publisher, at the latter's expense, with a most ungenerous and uncourteous remark. No wonder that the said writer should have expressed his firm determination never more to risk the loss of money in any such venture. We know of interesting collections he has made, bearing on American Catholic history, both ecclesiastical and literary, but his cartels shall remain in his locker until more propitious days will dawn over the U. S. literary horizon. Perhaps after his death his manuscripts will be given to the corner grocer to wrap his goods in. *Sic transit*, etc.—

But here another remark thrusts itself on my pen. The kind Doctor praises his correspondent for his zeal in preserving historical records. Now the ven. Doctor has reckoned amongst his best friends those lights of the Catholic Church which have shone in her rising horizon. For more than half a century he has been connected with one of our oldest institutions. He has witnessed the vicissitudes of the most stirring times in the life of both State and Church. Has he kept a faithful record of the events connected with the Church? *Absit odium in verbo.* But may I not, interested as I feel in this matter, entreat him to transmit to posterity the treasures of his experience? By letters and by word of mouth I used all my influence to induce that venerable priest, Father John McElroy, to dictate an account of the events which he had witnessed since his ordination, A.D., 1817 (a lapse of *sixty* years!) But *incassum!* true, he dictated a paper: but so meagre and so scanty and so commonplace, that not one tittle is therein recorded that is not fresh in the memory of every Catholic. During the long evenings of the winter of 1856–57, I enjoyed the proverbially entertaining conversation of Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty. What sluices and torrents of information flew from his lips! He repeatedly promised that he

would leave behind him a complete detailed history of the horrors of '44, whereof the true key he alone held. Besides these particular times, he knew, more perhaps than any other man, the history of men and events during his own long American career. What a wealth of historical lore his Diary must contain! Will any of his brethren take it up, and arrange it for the press? Let us hope so. Yea, I fear it will remain a hope.

When will the day dawn upon us in which we shall see an American Catholic Historical Society established? Now is the time, when such men live still who will give it a proper direction and inspire with a proper spirit. But wait a few years and those great Catholic names will only adorn the title pages of their works and the cold stone over their graves.

May these words, uncouth perhaps, and of little authority, prove a seed of hope that will grow into a noble tree of reality!

Revertamur ad nostra.

Together with the above letter, my esteemed friend gave me the following papers which he had received from an artist, Mr. J. R. Taylor.

The first relates what the artist's mother, Mrs. Mary Ann Taylor, knew of the history of the "Wizard Clip."

"My mother was born in 1782 in Frederick Co.,

Md.—The incidents occurred when she was a little girl, it is presumed at least 80 years ago. Since that event, when the writer was in her 10th year, her parents moved to Ohio.—During the long winter evenings our neighbors would call in. Their conversation often turned on strange and mysterious events. My mother once said to a friend, she would relate a great ghost story which she knew to be a fact, but as the spirit was laid at rest by a Catholic priest, and the prejudice against the Catholics was so great, it would not be credited. On being urged by her friend, who was a Catholic, to relate it, and whilst she did relate it, she found to her surprise the lady's father had witnessed at the same house the same or similar exhibitions. Her father went with a number of gentlemen from Baltimore to the haunted house in Virginia (the particular locality I don't know) where it was said the strangest scenes were enacted in broad day-light, such as bed clothes being cut into shreds, and falling to the floor: a flock of geese came in alive and disappeared headless: a block of wood was used in those days to pound clothes on (in washing): when soaped and folded and laid on the block preparatory to being pounded, they were cut into pieces by an invisible power. While my grandfather [Thomas Poole, Esq.] and his daughter

were present, other scenes were witnessed, but I do not remember them as related by my mother, but these three were witnessed by my grandfather, his oldest daughter, and a black man servant, who accompanied them on their journey. They had to travel 75 miles on horseback, the route being too intricate for a carriage. My grandfather stated the residents of the house could get no rest, night or day—ministers of all denominations were called in to pray for the repose of the soul of the former owner of the premises—but to no avail. At last a Catholic priest was called in—the spirit confessed to have murdered his predecessor, and that the spirit could not find rest until he had made restitution and had given to the murdered man Christian burial. The spirit also made known the spot where the body lay, which was disinterred and witnessed by a great number of the residents and strangers. The property was restored to the rightful owner and the spirit was at rest. So I remember it—how much my grandfather believed in what he heard, and saw will never be known—it affected him deeply at the time, my mother said, as it did all who witnessed it!

"In looking over my son's sketches during the late war, what was my surprise to see the spot my grandfather and his great grandfather, had, with his daugh-

ter, travelled so many miles to visit, and witness these strange sights that have puzzled and mystified those of the past, and which 80 years have failed to obliterate." [This in the handwriting of Mrs. T.]

Mrs. T. alludes to the sketches made by her son. I have them before me, and in my possession: but I cannot give a copy of them in this first edition of my unpretentious record. Yet I cannot forbear printing the remarks of the artist and sketcher (J. R. T.) as they are pencilled on the back of each:—

A. "'The Livingston,' or 'Priest's Place,' deeded to Fr. Cahill by Mr. Livingston as a penance.[?] It is consecrated ground, and the Catholics bring their dead here for burial. The large oaks to the right cover the remains of the dead. Rude stones mark the resting places of those who sleep beneath. There is also another burial place in the woods, but I believe it is not in the 35 acres. The people of Smithfield are so very superstitious that many of them will not pass the right of the field. . . . .

"The two pear trees mark the spot where stood a house. Only the cellar is visible. I believe the Rev. Dr. resided there. There is a spring in the lower part of the lot beyond the pear trees, called the Priest's Spring. The rent of this lot does or *did* go

towards the support of the Catholic priest who officiated in Smithfield.

"Soldiers encamped here some time since. 'Tis a a lonely looking spot. J. R. T."

B. "SMITHFIELD, Sunday, 18th———Three weeks ago to-day, Averill's forces were obliged, after an obstinate fight, to vacate this town. The rebels did not stay long, however, and our forces now occupy it. It also has many other historic associations. It has three designations; Smithfield—Middleway—and Wizard's Clip.

"Many buildings have been destroyed during the present war. Many of the houses were perforated by shells during the late fight, which was by the way a very obstinate one. J."

Finis Coronat Opus.

CONCLUSION.

I cannot send my copy to the publishers without again expressing the hope that this Monograph (a big word for a small work) will elicit more information about events so important to the early history of our dear American Church. Let all who feel an interest in the matter, and what Catholic should not? give the booklet a wide circulation.—Who knows but the long lost Manuscript of Prince Gallitzin may yet be unearthed. *Fiat, Fiat!*

APPENDIX B.

BY JOHN G. SHEA.

The view of Smithfield engraved for this work, and that of the ruins of Livingston's house at Wizard Clip, were drawn for me during the late war by an artist who was then with the army in that part of the country. Learning of his presence near Wizard Clip, I wrote asking him to visit and sketch the spot, in case he could find any one to guide him to it. I had some years before begun to collect all I could find bearing on the affair, and wished to obtain a picture of the spot. With great kindness Mr. Taylor proceeded to the Livingston place, finding no difficulty in identifying a spot which the folk-lore of the neighborhood has invested with no little fame.

On the return of the artist to New York I found that he was no stranger to the story, and belonged to an old Maryland family in which the memory of the events had been preserved. It was a singular coincidence that the artist should be the great grandson of one who had made a long journey 85 years ago to witness the strange events which gave Liv-

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LIVINGSTON'S PLACE; OR, WIZARD CLIP.

From a sketch by James R. Taylor.

ingston's farm the name of Wizard Clip. He says: "This little town, which General Averill after an obstinate fight had to vacate in the last of September, 1864, but which was soon recovered, has been sketched by me. It is a small village, many of the houses showing signs of the recent battle, being perforated by shot and shell. It is near Charlestown, on the turnpike, and is also termed Middleway. Throughout the country around it has for over half a century borne the name of Wizard Clip from the strange events which occurred at the house of a Mr. Livingston, (the house is now in ruins), and which for a long time attracted general attention. Articles of dress, and boots even, were mysteriously cut into strings, generally by a spiral clip going round and round the doomed article. This clipping or cutting gave the place the name of Wizard Clip, and to this day the spot is regarded with terror by the people. The lot is now or was used by the Catholics as a burial ground, who brought their deceased relatives from all parts of the country to bury them in the ground consecrated by a miracle."

At my request Mr. Taylor took down his mother's recollections of the events as she heard them in her childhood.

APPENDIX C.

THE REV. JOSEPH M. FINOTTI, S. J.

The name of the subject of this sketch, Father Finotti, ought to be a household word among Catholics. The great work of his life is the "*Bibliographica Catholica Americana.*" It was a list of American Catholic books published in this country from the earliest time to the present. Only one volume appeared from the press of the Catholic Publication Society, being an exhaustive list of books down to 1825. This valuable work had a small sale. He completed the second volume, but the encouragement he received did not induce him to hasten its publication. The MS. needs only slight revision to be ready for the press. An Italian by birth, he was more American than the Americans themselves.

When quite young, Father Finotti came from Rome, accompanying some Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Signor Finotti, the father of the young exile, was a man of education and high principle, and the young Joseph had received the foundation of an excellent education. At Georgetown College, the Jesuits completed the work begun in Rome, and

he was ordained priest. He was appointed pastor of Brookline, Mass., and while there, acted as literary editor of the *Boston Pilot.* He wrote a "Life of Peter Claver," dedicated to Governor Andrews, of Massachusetts. He afterwards became pastor at Arlington, in the same State. On his removal to Cincinnati, to assume a professorship in the Seminary there, he contributed many interesting articles to the *Cincinnati Telegraph.*

On the 5th of last November, 1878, he met with an accident while on a visit to Denver—a fall which caused a slight concussion of the brain, besides some internal injuries, from which, at the time, no serious consequences were apprehended. He did not, however, give up his pastoral duties, though often he had literally to rise from his sick bed to perform them.

On January 4, nature gave way through sheer exhaustion, and his whole physical system seemed suddenly to break down. Four epileptic attacks came on within twelve hours, and were followed by long spells of unconsciousness. During one of his lucid intervals he received the last Sacraments from the hands of Father Matz, of Georgetown, Colorado, and answered himself to the prayers of the ritual with sentiments of the liveliest faith and devotion.

From this time he rested more quietly until the following Tuesday, but his gradually increasing weakness precluded all hope of recovery. In this interval he received again the Holy Communion, and spent his time in preparing for his final hour, which he awaited with extraordinary calmness. On Wednesday he was frequently unconscious, and on Thursday there was no change. During the succeeding night he rallied a little, and for the first time since his attack began again to take nourishment. Hopes of his recovery were entertained, and spread abroad instantly, to the great joy of all, but, alas! they were short-lived, for on Friday morning, January 10, he was again unconscious, and remained so until four o'clock in the afternoon, when he passed away without a struggle.

His remains were laid out in his church until Sunday, when, at his own request, they were transferred to Denver, and on Monday the funeral took place. It was his dying request that his funeral should be of the simplest kind. No funeral sermon was to be preached over him, not even a High Mass, but his humility did not prevent his people from manifesting their love for him. They carried his body through the streets of his own town for the distance of a mile and a half, and the entire congre-

gation followed in procession. A delegation even accompanied it to Denver—forty miles—and did not leave it until the grave closed over it and shut out from their sight forever the mortal remains of him who had been their friend and father.

Writing to his publishers from Central City, Col., on the 20th of November last, he said: "The copy has been delayed in consequence of a severe fall I had going to say Mass at the Sisters' in Denver, at 4½ A.M. It has jarred me inwardly, and I begin to fear some evil consequences, considering my age, and the fall was a 'dead' one, my whole weight carrying me down flat heavily on my head and chest across a marble slab. It was two weeks yesterday, and not only am I not getting over it, but I feel its effects every day more. Perhaps it is the last summons. *Deo Gratias.*"